THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CXII—No. 1455
NOVEMBER 4, 1931
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the BYSTANDER

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CHAMONIX

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The Bystander, November 4, 1931

the BYSTANDER

No. 1455. Vol. CXII.

Specially taken for THE BYSTANDER

By Tunbridge

MISS ROSITA FORBES

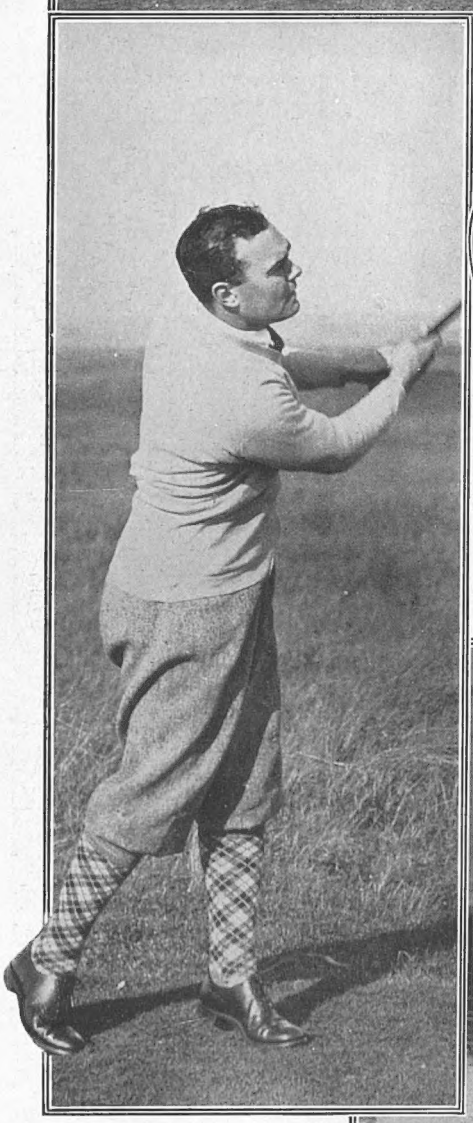
The noted explorer and author, whose new novel, "Ordinary People," is to be published on November 12. Miss Forbes, who in private life is Mrs. Arthur McGrath, already has many books of travel and exploration to her credit, and had her first novel, "The Jewel in the Lotus," published in 1922

MEDICAL MEN AT PLAY

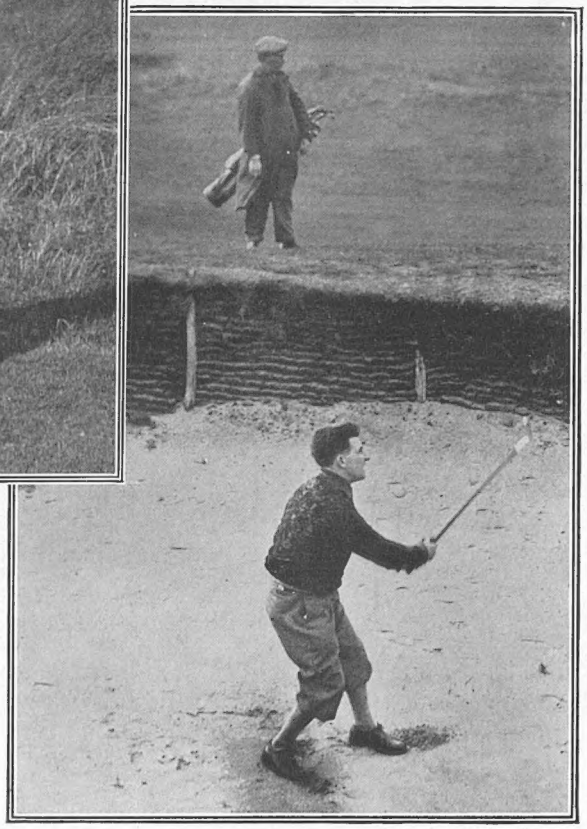
THE LONDON IRISH MEDICAL GOLF SOCIETY'S MEETING AT SANDWICH

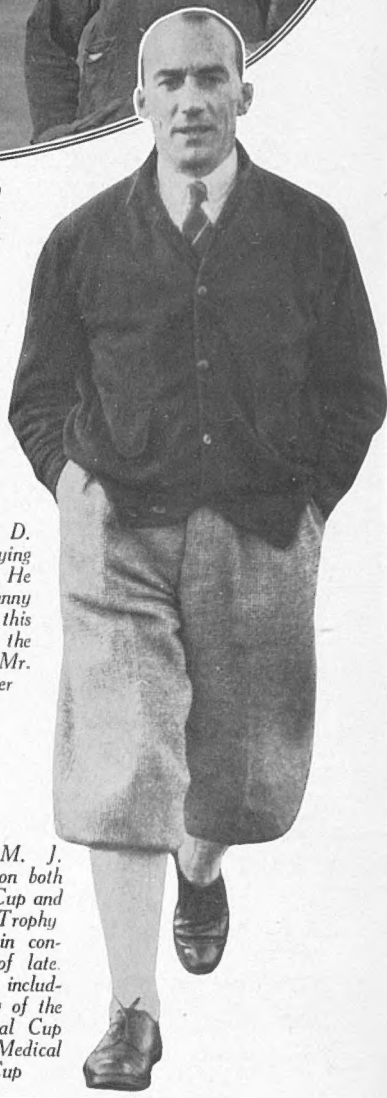
Dr. Coffey driving off from the thirteenth tee during the recent two-day meeting of the London Irish Medical Golf Society on the Princes' Course at Sandwich. Watching him is Dr. J. Gubbins, the President of the Society

Drs. G. A. Campbell, E. S. Flood and L. F. Woods photographed on the Princes' Course at Sandwich. Dr. Campbell is the Honorary Secretary and Dr. Flood the Honorary Treasurer of the Society



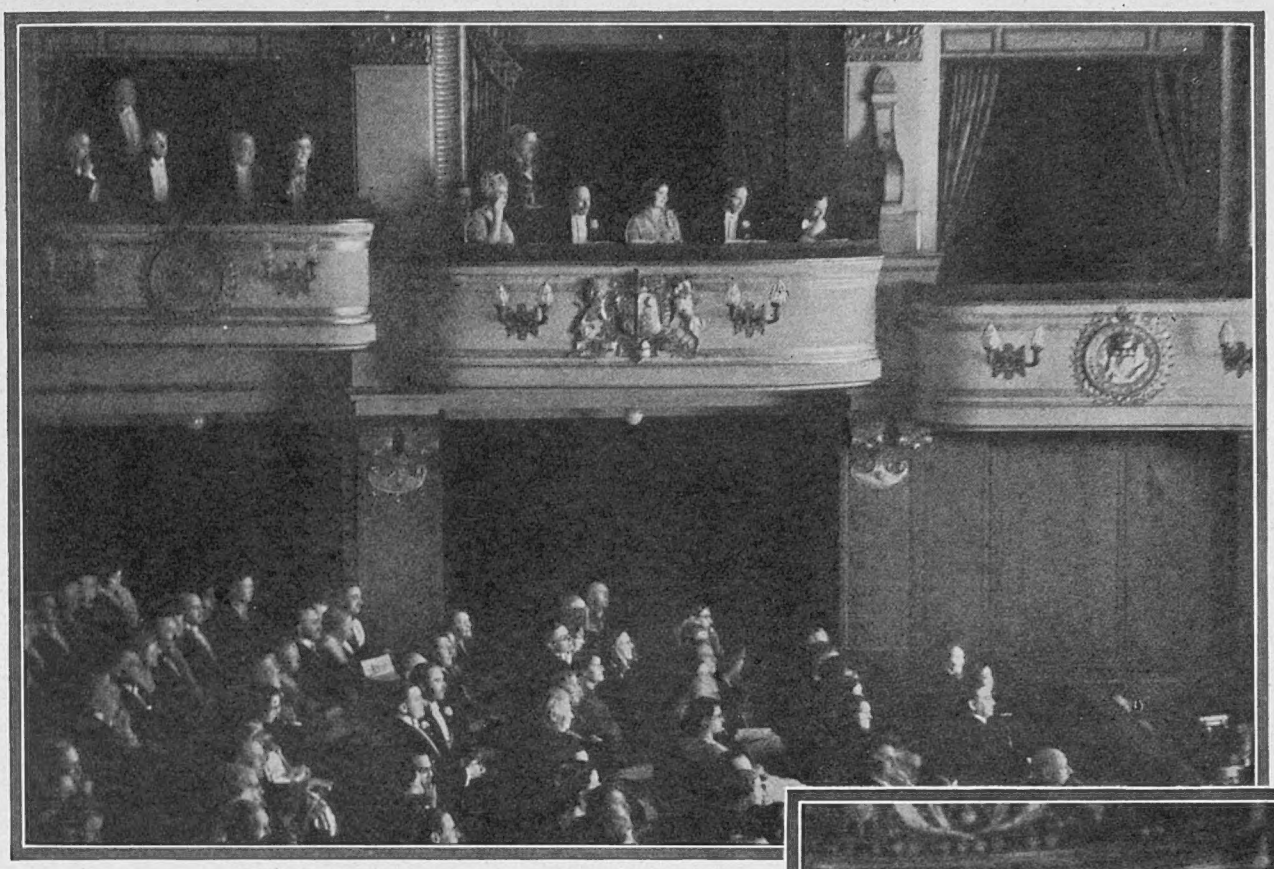
Above : Dr. David Gordon, the Captain, in action during the recent meeting at Sandwich. There was a very good entry for the meeting, which is a remarkably cheery event, and the standard of play certainly showed that the skill of the competitors was by no means limited to the consulting-room and operating theatre





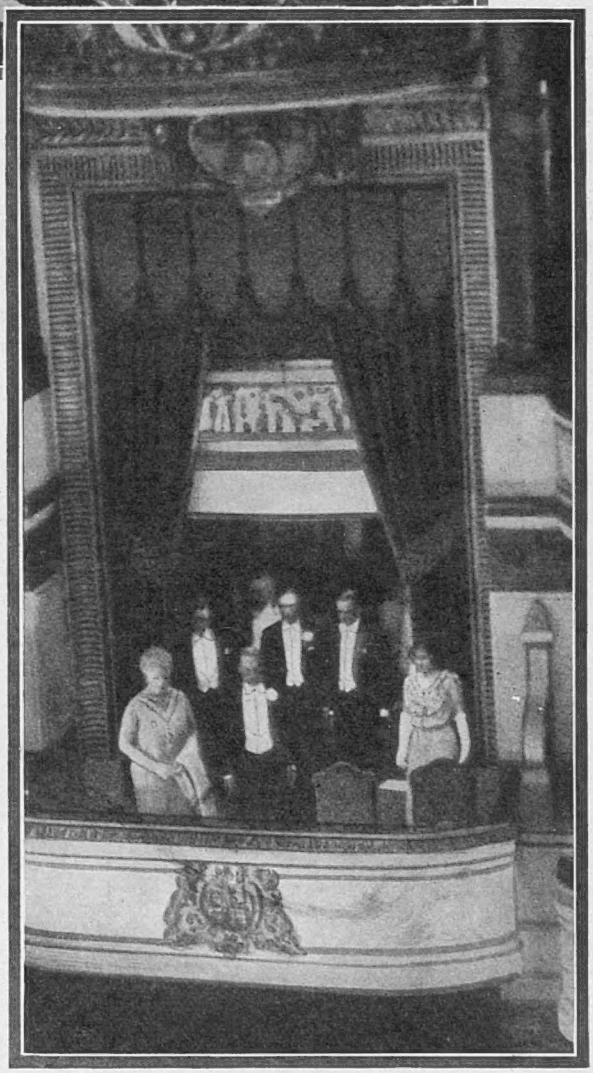
Left : Dr. G. D. McGrath playing from a bunker. He won the Canny Ryall Cup at this year's meeting, the runner-up being Mr. D. R. Wheeler

Right : Mr. M. J. Smyth, who won both the O'Malley Cup and the Cahill Trophy He has been in conquering vein of late recent victories including the winning of the London Hospital Cup and the Medical Society's Cup



THE KING AND QUEEN AT "CAVALCADE"

Last week the King and Queen, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York and Prince George, visited Drury Lane to see Noel Coward's wonderful play, "Cavalcade." The Royal party are seen above in their box during the course of the play



The Royal party standing in their box whilst the National Anthem is played during their recent visit to Drury Lane. The audience cheered Their Majesties again and again after the play was ended

the passing hour

ONE direct result of the General Election will be that, in time to come, the House of Lords will have more experienced legislators than at any other time in its history. For apart from the usual quota of politicians "translated" to the Upper House, there will be all these sons of peers who won seats last week in the House of Commons and will ultimately succeed their fathers. Lord Ednam, of course, Lord Wolmer, Lord Titchfield, Lord Winterton and Lord Apsley are already experienced politicians, while Lord Fermoy is an Irish peer, but not a representative one, otherwise, naturally, he could not have stood for King's Lynn.

BUT look at the others. There is Lord Borodale, Lord Balniel, the Hon. Charles Rhys, Lord Cranborne, Lord Lymington, Lord Knebworth, Lord Elmley, Lord Burghley, Lord Weymouth, Lord Erskine, Lord Dunglass, Lord Scone, Lord Clydesdale, and Lord Dalkeith. When you scan the lists of other new members, you will find that nearly one in six is either a knight or a baronet or the younger son of a duke. The House of Commons really reads just like Debrett.

MEANTIME, people are still talking about the gamble on Stock Exchange majorities. One friend of mine bought in £50 units when they stood at 198. Another friend of mine proceeded to "bear" them. He was not being unpatriotic. He *hoped* to lose fifty pounds or so. In fact, he has lost a great deal more. I do not know whether Dr. Addison bought majorities, but a member of the Carlton Club was told by him that Labour

THE SELFRIDGE ELECTION NIGHT PARTY

had at least 140 safe seats. I may add that on the day of the polls they were betting 10 to 1, with no takers, that Ramsay MacDonald would not get in at Seaham.

PEOPLE are still talking about the Selfridge party, which was one of the most exciting and thrilling I have ever been to. One hopes that Noel Coward, who was there, was collecting material for another scene in *Cavalcade,* which the Royal Family honoured with their presence on the day after the elections. It would make an ideal sketch with comedians and duchesses, disappointed candidates and millionaires, actresses, and members of the House of Lords.

Lenare

A RECENT BRIDE

Miss Patricia Smiley, who was married at St. Mary's Church, Whitchurch, Oxfordshire, to Mr. Rupert Tollemache, the youngest son of the Hon. Douglas and Mrs. Tollemache. She was given away by her eldest brother, Sir Hugh Smiley, Bart.

Lenare

MISS RUTH BOWDEN

Whose engagement has been announced to Mr. Christopher Bourchier Wrey, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Castell Wrey, of Oxton, Notts. She is the daughter of Sir Harold Bowden, Bart., of Bestwood Park, Notts, and of Mrs. Russell-Young, of Bishop's Lodge, Windsor

Bassano

MISS MYRTLE VAN DE WEYER

The eldest daughter of Major W. J. B. van de Weyer, M.V.O., and of Mrs. van de Weyer, who is to marry Mr. Leith I. T. Whitaker, of the Rifle Brigade. Her mother is the eldest sister of Viscount Powerscourt

IT is hard to know where to begin on a description of it. Gandhi, who had been invited, was not able to be present. But Charlie Chaplin was there. Lord Jersey was, after all, absent. Unluckily enough, he has had to go into a nursing home for an operation within a week of the announcement of his engagement. The only pessimist I met was a banker, who was afraid that the tide of success would be so sweeping that it would send the £ higher than was required or wanted at the moment.

SIR HARRY MCGOWAN and Mr. Eddie Baron also looked a trifle askance at the terrific wins of the Conservatives. They both used the same phrase to me, "But don't you think it is positively *too* big? A healthy Opposition is always useful." Speaking generally, however, the enthusiasm knew no bounds. There were positively yells of applause when Miss Graves put out Mr. Herbert Morrison and when Mr. Clynes lost his seat to Mr. Chorlton. There was hardly an inch of room in the champagne buffet, but nobody seemed to mind.

ONE of the most interesting couples present were Francis Lederer, the handsome young actor, and Dr. Baillie, the even more handsome Dean of Windsor. One of the prettiest girls was Marconi's daughter, who was with Colonel and Mrs. Lynch. Miss Madeleine Carroll was with her husband accepting congratulations on her marriage. Stanley Lupino shook hands with Nervo. Lord Queenborough was talking to Mrs. Marsh, who used to be the chatelaine of Warwick Castle and now has Bylaugh, in Norfolk.

Hay Wrightson

ANOTHER RECENT BRIDE

Miss Elizabeth Harman, whose wedding to the Hon. Francis Aungier Pakenham, the only brother of the Earl of Longford, took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, last month. She is the elder daughter of Mr. N. Bishop Harman, F.R.C.S., and of Mrs. Harman

ROYALTY AT LADY MAY CAMBRIDGE'S WEDDING

Vandyk

Her Majesty the Queen photographed at Brantridge Park with her brother, The Earl of Athlone, and the Princess Alice Countess of Athlone after attending the wedding of Lady May Cambridge and Capt. H. Abel Smith. Princess Elizabeth made her first appearance as a bridesmaid at the wedding

LADY ELEANOR SMITH, looking more gipsy-like than ever after a sunshine holiday in Madeira, was with her brother, Lord Birkenhead. The Ranee of Pudukota was inviting people to a cocktail party. Lord Morven Cavendish-Bentinck, who is such a good pianist, entered the supper room in a ducal saunter that I found very engaging. Admiral Basil Brooke was looking highly pleased with life. Jack Buchanan was one of the many stage celebrities. The former Lady Ossulston was also there.

SHOUTS of laughter greeted the "putting on the spot" of Edgar Wallace at Blackpool. But perhaps I had better digress at this point. Have you seen *The Calendar*? Mr. Wallace is such a keen racegoer that you might have expected him to avoid such an egregious blunder as the one his director makes over the Royal Enclosure badge, which in the film is apparently fastened with a stick-pin, and can be removed and replaced with one finger!

REVERTING to Election Night, every well-known restaurant was packed almost to suffocation. At Dorchester House, for example, the restaurant and ball-room were absolutely filled, and I am told that hundreds of applications for tables had to be refused. The screen lighting, somehow, went wrong there, and the cheery Mr. Clifford Whitley shouted himself hoarse for some six hours announcing the results. At the May Fair gaiety bubbled over, and a large number of celebrities were present. I met, leaving the restaurant, the tall and distinguished-looking Sir George May, the chairman, it will be remembered, of the famous May Report, which fell like a bombshell upon the late Socialist Government and was the direct cause of their downfall. I could not refrain from saying to Sir George: "You, more than any other man in the country, are responsible for this General Election." He did not deny the soft impeachment, and his smile, in view of the results coming through, was expressive of a good deal more than mere words. We may anticipate that Sir George, in view of his great services to the State, will shortly be offered a peerage. He and Lady May generally live quietly on their beautiful island residence on the Thames, and when in Town they

Miss Douce Alionore Beaumont and Mr. Harry Trevor Jones, whose engagement has been announced. The former's mother, La Dame of Sark, is the hereditary ruler of the smallest of the Channel Islands

ELECTION GAIETY IN THE WEST END

A group of guns who took part in the recent Field Trials of the Scottish Gun-dog Association, held on Colonel Oliver Haig's estate at Ramornie, Ladybank. Seen above are, from left to right, Mr. H. B. Lanson, Mr. J. L. Somerville, Mrs. Peter Haig, Colonel Oliver Haig, Mr. Peter Haig, the Earl of Eglington, Mrs. Oliver Haig, Mr. Peter Wilson, Lieutenant-Colonel Black and Mr. Victor Lanson

Bertram Park

MISS VIDA CUTHBERT

The stepdaughter of Lord Rayleigh, of Terling Place, Essex. She is on the Young Ladies' Committee for the Ivory Cross matinée, to be held at the London Hippodrome on November 12, on behalf of the National Dental Aid Fund

keep a permanent suite for their use at the May Fair.

S

THE Savoy Hotel had a great night, and was as cosmopolitan as usual. Very well-known figures in Society and diplomacy, as well as a number of distinguished Indian visitors, were present, and joined in the fun. The management put up two screens, which gave simultaneous results, so that everyone present could see without difficulty. Excitement was intense as the results came through, beginning with Hornsey and the vast majority of Capt. Euan Wallace, followed almost immediately after with the announcement that the Free Trade Labour stronghold of the three seats in Salford had fallen.

AT the Monseigneur, Piccadilly Circus, THE BYSTANDER was intimately concerned, having lent its caricaturist, Beauvais, who amused the visitors with quips and caricatures in between the Election results, which occasioned a great deal of laughter and cheers. All, of course, was applause, and only once was there any hooting or groans, and that, curiously enough, was when Beauvais did a caricature of Edgar Wallace, these being followed by loud cheers when it was learned he had been defeated by 33,486 votes.

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

EMMA	ON WATCH
NIEMAN	SMOKY LIGHT
SHERAB	TRUCULENT

Make a *special* note of the half-dozen horses named above for early engagements.

NEST EGG is nippy from the slips. Should win a nursery.

NORTON ROSE was substantially supported at Newbury and finished third. Should not be missed.

TOLERANT has been well galloped at Stockbridge and should be noted for his next engagement.

SAGUSTO, narrowly beaten at Lingfield, is confidently expected to score next time out.

SORIANO was very unlucky in her race at Kempton Park. Will pay to follow.

From now to the end of the flat-racing season it will pay to follow penalised horses. They invariably do well each back-end.

SO at last Adele Astaire's engagement has been announced to Lord Charles Cavendish. The night before she left London for America she brought him to my house for a glass of sherry, and they were evidently very much in love. Miss Astaire nearly married twice before—once to the son of Mr. Gaunt, the former cotton and theatrical magnate, and once Mr. George Jean Nathan, the theatrical critic.

(*Continued on page 216.*)

LADY ORANMORE AND BROWNE

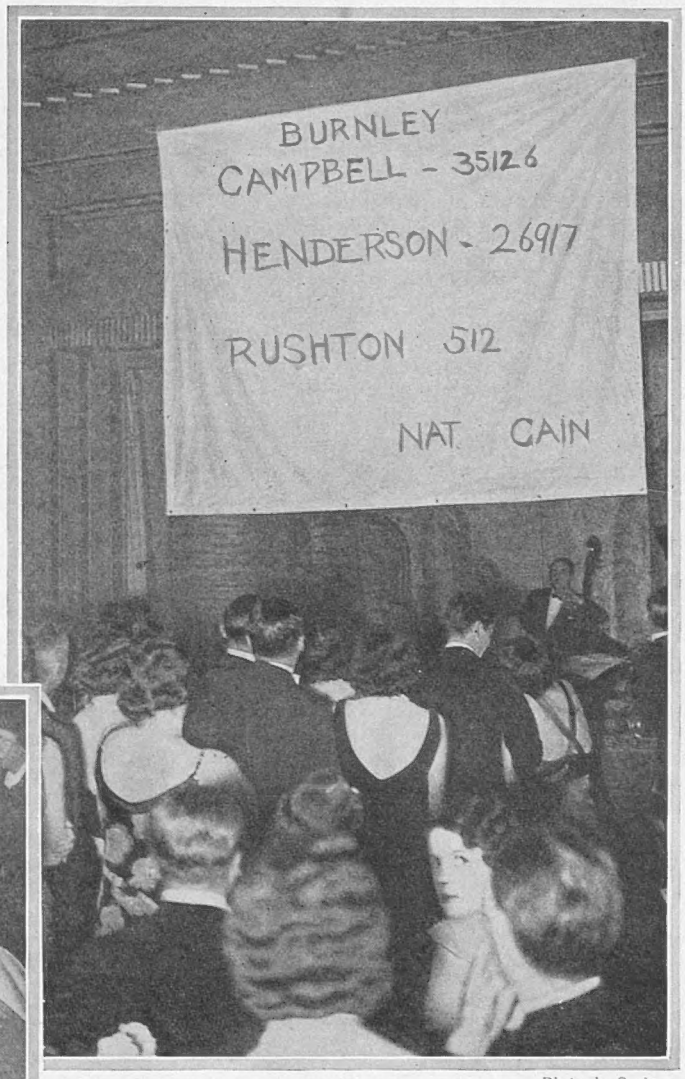
Who recently gave birth to a son at her town residence in Great Cumberland Place. She is the daughter of the Hon. Thomas Henry Frederick Egerton, and married Lord Oranmore and Browne, who was formerly in the Grenadier Guards, in 1925

ELECTION NIGHT at a WEST END RESTAURANT

At the Monseigneur Restaurant, Mr. and Mrs. Frances Govett pencilling in the results as they were shown on the screen

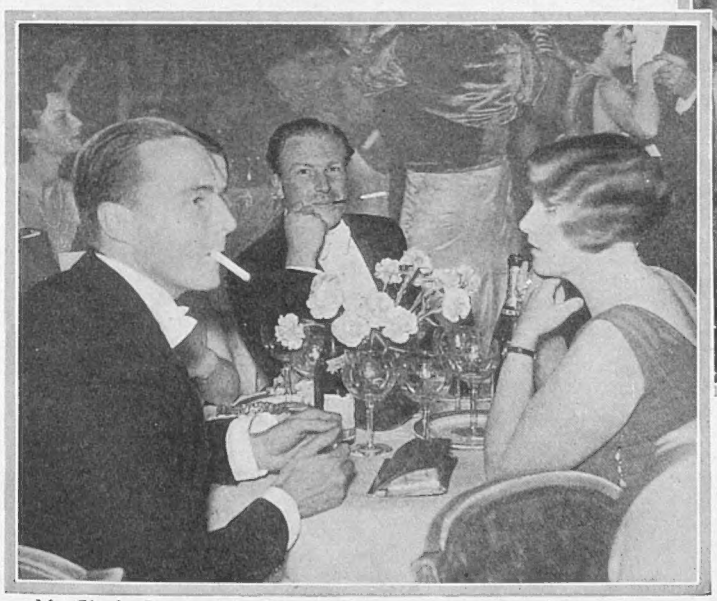
Miss Mary Mauldan and Mr. A. P. Wibro waiting vainly for the result of a Labour gain to be announced

Part of a party. Miss Hadland, Mr. F. S. le Stone, Mrs. Jack Upson and Mrs. Coverdale pleased with a result



Photos by Sasha

The screen on which the results of the Election were thrown at the Monseigneur Restaurant. The defeat of "Uncle Arthur" at Burnley was but a foretaste of the Labour débâcle



Mr. Charles Dawson, Mr. Reginald Charrington and Mrs. Charles Dawson. Mrs. Reginald Charrington was also a member of the party

Many people left home on Election Night to share with others at well-known restaurants and clubs the excitement engendered by the result of the polls. The Monseigneur Restaurant was packed, and THE BYSTANDER caricaturist, Beauvais, enlivened the proceedings with pictorial comments which were greatly appreciated

A GALA NIGHT AT NICE

Some of the guests at the recent wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, of Mr. Peter Horlick and Miss Rosemary Nicholl. They are Lady Mary St. Clair-Erskine (left), Lady Violet Pakenham, Miss Nancy Beaton, Mr. Peter Coates, Miss Coates, and the Hon. Hamish St. Clair-Erskine

(Continued from page 214)

FROM New York I hear that Douglas Byng has developed into a great success. At first even the sophisticated, quick-witted, hard-boiled New York audience, which included Tallulah Bankhead and Jimmie Walker, were not able to catch his allusions at all, and looked rather bewildered. Soon, however, they got the drift, so to speak, and laughed their heads off. Which reminds me—where is Rex Evans? Noel Coward, I hear, is going off for a holiday to South America.

OVER a thousand residents in Nice and from the towns in the neighbourhood sat down to the grand gala dinner which was served to inaugurate the reopening of the Palais de la Mediterranee on October 24, writes my Riviera correspondent. Not content with a single orchestra, the management started off with one playing soft music which was no bar to conversation. Its place was taken later by the Francke-Aferio jazz band, which gave diners a chance of dancing on a floor of ample space, and not the size of a postage stamp, such as is seen on big evenings at London dance clubs.

THIS, in its turn, gave place to the sixteen Baker boys, who, sitting on the huge stage, "supported" the café au lait queen, Josephine Baker, who made use of the longest joy plank to leave the stage on occasions and perform her antics in the middle of the room. Her performance, I am happy to add, was discretion itself.

AND now for two problems, one sartorial and one social. What are the two differences between a waiter's tail-coat and that of a guest? The other concerns the revolving swing doors of a hotel or a club. If a man is with a girl, should he let her go in front and do all the hard work of pushing the doors round, or should he go in front of her, and put in a little heavy shouldering, or what should he do?

Mr. Peter Horlick, the only son of Sir Ernest Horlick and of Lady Oppenheimer, and Miss Rosemary Nicholl leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after their wedding. The bride is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Nicholl, of Wargrave-on-Thames

Miss Beatrice Lillie, the English revue star who is so popular in America, seen at her summer residence at Sands Point, Long Island. Miss Lillie, who is the wife of Sir Robert Peel, is seen with her young son, Robert

HERE are the answers to both problems. A waiter's tail-coat has no breast pocket and no silk facings on the lapels. The man ought to let the girl go in front, but he should do the pushing of the swing doors from behind. Both answers may seem to be obvious, but it is safe to bet that you can catch anybody out with either of them.

Lord CASTLEREAGH'S Wedding with Miss COMBE

Lord Castlereagh's marriage with Miss Romaine Combe took place on Saturday at St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Trafalgar Square, where a huge crowd assembled. The photograph shows three of the bridesmaids, (left to right) Miss Mary Needham, Miss Catherine Stanley and Lady Mary Vane-Tempest-Stewart, the sister of the bridegroom

The bride entering the church for her wedding

The bride and bridegroom leaving the church after the ceremony. The wedding was postponed because of the General Election

The Marquess of Londonderry, the bridegroom's father, outside the church

Vandyk

Lady May Cambridge, daughter of Princess Alice Countess of Athlone and the Earl of Athlone, photographed with little Princess Elizabeth, who was one of her bridesmaids, after her wedding with Capt. H. Abel Smith

GROSVENOR —MAYFAIR

MAYFAIR double-owe-two-three . . . hello, hello, Baa! . . . darling, I'm exhausted . . . such a gay week . . . rushing here, there and everywhere to make up for the serious attention we gave to the Election. . . . Our young Royalties were pleased when they could go out again and dance . . . the Duchess of York was at Ciro's for supper the first night of her release . . . looking radiant in a coral pink dress which suited her even better than her favourite blues.

* * *

LADY CARISBROOKE was there, too, in another party . . . she wore black chiffon . . . and she was with her great friend, Nell St. John Montague . . . the famous clairvoyante . . . who always wears Flanders poppies against her black dresses. . . . Nell St. John Montague had a monkey which for sixteen years went everywhere with her . . . some people were not so pleased . . . monkeys frightened them . . . but Nell Montague was broken-hearted when it died . . . she can hardly bear to talk about it now. . . .

* * *

I SAW a noble lord last week . . . winning a race down a quiet street in the early hours of the morning . . . but a moment later it was not so quiet . . . as he and his friends gave vent to hunting noises. . . .

* * *

I HAD a long talk with Mrs. Calthorpe last week . . . who designed all the scenery and dresses of *Cavalcade* . . . very dark-haired with black eyes . . . she is attractive-looking in an unusual way . . . and, Baa . . . she is brilliantly intelligent . . . she has been working with Noel Coward for some time, and I can't help feeling that her keen cleverness and artistic perception must have been of great assistance to him. . . .

Hay Wrightson

BARONESS BEAUMONT

Who recently gave birth to a daughter at her residence in Pont Street. She is the wife of Lord Howard of Glossop, and holds the title of Baroness Beaumont in her own right

* * *

THERE are one or two Election romances of which we will hear more later, I expect, and you must have heard already about the candidate who whispered to his agent, "Who is that lovely girl at the side of the hall?" . . . and unfortunately spoke right into the loud speaker . . . which was just being handed across to him. . .

* * *

A GREAT many London hearts were lost to good-looking Alfred Beit and to Hubert Duggan . . . who inherits a great deal of his mother's charm.

* * *

I HEAR from all sides that Douglas Byng is the greatest success in America . . . they love him and laugh and laugh at Flora MacDonald . . . he is enjoying himself, and when writing to one of our friends, Baa . . . said everything was "swell"!

* * *

IRENE RAVENSDALE is in New York at the moment, and Raymond Massey and his pretty wife are having a grand time . . . in spite of the general depression. . . .

* * *

HAVE you heard, Baa, about the very pretty daughter of one of our great industrial magnates who caught her husband . . . at a famous seaside hotel . . . she had it out there and then . . . which required a lot of courage . . . everyone is saying "How like her father . . . straight to the point" . . . however, all is to be forgiven and forgotten.

* * *

DID you see in *The Times* in the personal column . . . "Decision final and irrevocable—M.?" Behind that message is really a broken heart. She has loved him for nearly ten years . . . he is rich and famous and married . . . he can't get free . . . so she has broken away at last . . . you know them both, Baa. . . .

* * *

QUITE the loveliest person in London at the moment is Sylvia Ashley . . . she seems to get more beautiful every year. . . . I saw Sylvia the other day in red, ornamented with rubies . . . and gazed in silent admiration. . . . "Tim" Birkin was with her. . . . Why do racing motorists go bald? . . . you remember poor Sir Henry Segrave had hardly any hair. . . . Lord Howe, like Tim, shows less and less after every racing triumph. . . .

* * *

BAA, darling, I must go and snatch some sleep; I was at the Bobbin until very, very early this morning . . . and to-night I have to look my best. . . . Yes, he's back . . . good-bye. . . .

AT THE PLAY

SENTIMENT AND SLAPSTICK

"There's Always Juliet," at the Apollo

By Franklyn Morris

I THINK it was Mr. Bernard Shaw who many years ago spoke of a popular pair of players, man and wife, as "casting a halo of domesticity over an otherwise disreputable profession." Whenever I watch Mr. Herbert Marshall and Miss Edna Best on the stage, or see photographs of them off it, those words come to mind. Not for a moment would I have it thought that I resent, in a profession which, if not disreputable, is apt to be patchy in the continuity of its wedlock, such washing of clean linen in public. I congratulate Mr. Marshall and Miss Best alike on their connubial felicity and on the prominence given, with or without their consent, to the fact that they really are devoted to each other. I congratulate them still more on having found, in Mr. John van Druten's *There's Always Juliet,* a play to exploit all this to the utmost.

MORE than ever will those members of the ever-sentimental British public be able to boast their belief that pure as the driven snow are the behind-the-scenes lives of British actors and actresses—with, of course, the proviso that the actors must be from public schools or public-schoolish, and the actresses easy in their use of a diction of impeccable social standing—a diction to which Miss Best has now attained. And should that belief ever be blasted, the public will be saved from being disillusioned by the comforting reflection that there is always Mr. Herbert Marshall and Miss Edna Best.

THE domesticity stakes have to be run with the skill and form necessary to achieve an easy canter past the winning-post. Both members of the partnership must know their job. If they do not, it means that the provinces and not the West End are regaled with these examples of respectability beneath the grease-paint. A well-known actress not long ago used to hang in front of the theatre in which she was appearing photographs of her children playing in the hay. A curious proceeding, this, which the theatre of a generation ago would never have considered; I will warrant that Sir Henry Irving never posted up outside the Lyceum pictures of "H.B." and Lawrence playing in the hay. But the actress in question is a good actress, just as Mr. Marshall and Miss Best are more than proficient. And that is the whole problem, if problem it be.

IF I have devoted an inordinate amount of space to the Best-Marshall aspect of *There's Always Juliet,* it is because there is so little else in the play that matters. The cast consists of four people only, the other two being Dame May Whitty

(*Continued on page 222*)

SKETCHES OF "THERE'S ALWAYS JULIET," AT THE APOLLO THEATRE, BY H. H. HARRIS

ANOTHER INTERNATIONAL ALLIANCE

Herbert Marshall as the young American, Dwight Houston, and Edna Best as Leonora Perrycoste ring up to tell mother the glad news of their engagement and to assure her that neither has got a wrong opposite number

POLITICAL WARRIORS IN ACTION

Mr. Stanley Baldwin and Mrs. Baldwin watching reports of National victories come up on the tape at the Conservative headquarters in Palace Chambers

Mr. S. Lloyd, the tallest candidate in the General Election, with a number of his young helpers setting out for a round of his constituency, the Ladywood Division of Birmingham. Appropriately, he topped the poll, gaining a 14,000 majority for the Conservative party over the Socialist, who had previously held the seat

Miss Diane Chamberlain finds that electioneering in Birmingham West can be a sticky business when billposting under the expert eye of her father. Sir Austen, whose majority in the previous election was 43, romped home with 11,941 more votes than his opponent. Inset, Lady Astor buttonholes a sailor during her canvass of the Sutton Division of Plymouth, where her majority exceeded 10,000

"DUTY, DUTY MUST BE DONE"

Mr. John Ranken Towse, who made a three-thousand-miles journey from America to his home at Streatham to do his duty by recording his vote in the most critical General Election of modern times. The vast numbers who made the journey to the polling booths, proved that all classes of society were resolved to have a voice in the Nation's destiny

DURING THE BATTLE OF THE POLLS

"Winnie"—with the accent on the "win"! Churchill setting off for a final canvass of the Epping Division, where Mr. and Mrs. Winston the former retained his seat with a majority of over 20,000, an easy task for so doughty and provocative an election fighter as he is

THE battle of the Polls is now very decidedly lost and won, and on these pages are seen some of the fighters in the Nationalist cause hard at work in the constituencies just before the country went to the poll and candidates could sit back and await whatever fate was in store for them, strengthened with hope and throat lozenges. As far as the anti-Nationalists were concerned, the crisis may be summed up in the words "Election—Rejection—Ejection," for the avalanche of defeats was overwhelming. Now that the National Government is so firmly established, the country is confidently expecting to see it go swiftly from election attacks to brass tacks

Above: Commander Locker-Lampson, who retained his seat in the Handsworth Division of Birmingham, setting off to tell the world—or, at any rate, a large part of it—with his loud speaker van which has a range of five miles, and is fitted with a giant likeness of the speaker. His six helpers are (from front to back), Mrs. Van der Elst, Miss Ivy Tresmand, the musical-comedy star, the Hon. Sheila Berry, Miss C. Radnall, Miss Daphne Harrison, and Miss D. Morgan

Left: Mr. Norman Bower, the Conservative candidate for Bermondsey West, setting out with enthusiastic members of the Young Britons branch of the Conservative Party on a final tour. He put up so great a fight that the Socialist majority dropped from 8,365 to 91

An impression of Dame May Whitty as she appears in "There's Always Juliet." As Florence, she gives a character study which is a gem, and a polished gem at that

(Continued from page 219)

and Mr. Cyril Raymond, who put up performances so intrinsically excellent that it is a pity that inevitably they are foils—background to a duologue. As to the play, just bear in mind the title and the fact that Romeo and Juliet fell in love at first sight—with the celebrated silent glance that can be made a thing of immense dramatic power or reminiscent of a couple of amorous cats—and you have it. A clean-limbed American called Dwight Houston falls in love at first sight with a pretty English girl, and within forty-eight hours is engaged to marry her. *Et voilà tout!*

ALL this is done without any potion-drinking or lying in a tomb or having any truck with Friar Lawrence or, of course, without any such indelicacy as swearing by the inconstant moon or stealing a meeting that is

". . . Too rash, too unadorned, too sudden,
Too like the lightning that doth cease to be,
'Ere one can say, 'It lightens.'"

MR. VAN DRUTEN is far too practised a dramatist to be unadorned or sudden. He has just written a slick and sentimental little play for a couple of popular players, has shrewdly exploited to the utmost their charming personalities, and has deftly decked it out with some bright lines.

MR. HERBERT MARSHALL does not attempt an American accent, and is wise. There are quite enough real American accents on the London stage for there to be any need to simulate one, however cleverly, and the piece does not essentially demand it. Miss Best is wholly admirable. A certain touch of pertness and cock-sureness that marred her work a few years ago has, I am happy to say, now quite vanished.

"Henry the Ninth," at the Prince's

MR. BERTIE MEYER, as a sort of Good King Bess of the Cambridge Theatre, having imported from Germany a very serious Queen Elizabeth, the Prince's Theatre, not many yards away, shows a wild and modern travesty of that Royal lady's famous father. For the more superficial students of history it is a pity that that able and rather grim monarch, Henry VIII, should be so widely associated primarily (and, in some cases, exclusively) with many wives and with a tendency to philander promiscuously.

BUT for the stage the tradition is a god-send. The music-halls have shown us Henry and at least one of his wives. He has now made his début in farce to the extent of furnishing the main idea of *Henry the Ninth*, in which the spirit with which the king imbued a house in which he once lived impels a modern business man to behave in the way Mr. Lauri Wylie, I imagine, supposes Henry VIII behaved.

THE idea, not at all a bad one, might have been developed on better lines—and with better lines. As it is, it is a happy-go-lucky affair which did not make me feel very happy, and which will be lucky indeed if its stay in London is a prolonged one. It relies on the youthful energy of Mr. W. H. Berry and on the age of its jokes. Mr. Berry, as a French lady's-maid, as a man burlesquing a B.B.C. announcer, and doing the dozen and more things Mr. Berry, with his comical eye and genially rasping voice, can do supremely well, makes *Henry the Ninth* tolerable. When he is off the stage this riot of ultra-nonsensical nonsense is hardly tolerable, through no fault of the subordinate members of the cast, whom the author forces to appear as zanies, and as tedious zanies at that. F. M.

PETER GETS THE "BIRD"

Leonora seen in the very act of assuring her admirer, Peter Walmsley (Cyril Raymond), that, as far as she is concerned, he is less than the dust beneath her chariot wheels

A GENERAL ELECTION ECHO

BY STARR WOOD

CANDIDATE: "*Can't you see that a tax on imported corn would improve the price you receive for your crops?*"
FARMER: "*No. That I can't!*"
CANDIDATE: "*Nonsense, man. Let me explain*"
FARMER: "*Don't 'e trouble, mister; my farm is all grass!*"

if Gossip we must

THE passing of Chesterfield House from the hands of Princess Mary and Lord Harewood will break no old associations—Lord Harewood secured it only in 1919—but it is significant in that with very few exceptions the "great" houses of London are gone. They are either demolished, with gargantuan hotels in their place—such as Grosvenor House, Devonshire House, and the Dorchester—or, like Montagu House and Stafford House (now Lancaster House), they are put to other uses. Chesterfield House has a glorious past, unlike its near neighbour, the modern Sunderland House, which marked a change in Mayfair to which the late Lady Cardigan drew attention when she wrote in her famous memoirs: "I feel sure that some of those dwellers in Mayfair would be thankful they had been consigned to their family vaults before Curzon Street was ruined by the hideous Anglo-American palace recently planted in its dignified, Georgian midst." I have just been re-reading these "chroniques scandalouses," which created such a stir when they first appeared about twenty years ago. Very spiteful but very piquant.

Three of the principal fun-makers in "For the Love of Mike," the play with tunes that is proving so popular at the recently opened Saville Theatre. They are Olga Lindo, who plays the part of a dashing widow, Arthur Riscoe, as a detective of sorts, and Bobbie Howes, as his friend and co-conspirator

Richard Miller (Alfred Drayton) persuades Mike Castleman (Peggy Cartwright) to give him power of attorney in another scene from "For the Love of Mike," at the Saville Theatre. Alfred Drayton's engagement to Sonia Somers, another member of the company, was made known last week

ABOUT the only important London house that still continues to remain open in the grand manner is Londonderry House. Very spiteful, and not in the least piquant, was Sir Charles Trevelyan's remark that "the Londonderry family only take part in political work to save their swag." I was glad that Lady Londonderry countered this by pointing out that her husband, at the request of the Miners' Federation, kept a coal-pit working for two years at a loss of £1,000 a week. Nevertheless, Lord and Lady Londonderry still continue to give big political receptions in the old style, and to let their house be the social headquarters of the Conservative Party. Shall, I wonder, we see Mr. Ramsay MacDonald as the honoured guest at Londonderry House? He could wear the Londonderry air with much distinction.

ALTHOUGH it is hardly likely that we shall get back to the spacious days of Queen Victoria in the matter of either social or political entertaining, the period of, let us hope, stable government and solid prosperity that is now before us may see a return to big parties and big houses, and the depressingly monotonous tale of people drawing in their horns and giving up their establishments may be varied by the news of activity in the opposite, and happier, direction. Let us hope so. I do not think it is an altogether vain hope.

MEANWHILE, plenty of well-known people, at any rate, lunch simply. In the very heart of Mayfair (as the newspapers say), and almost in the shadow of Chesterfield House, has arisen a new, tiny, and much-sought-after cock-and-hen club, yclept, "Punch's." Here the buffet lunches are a big success. You pay a fixed sum and snatch what you like and as much as you like. You may be edified (or the reverse) by the sight of a duchess doing her own foraging and returning triumphant with the leg of a chicken in one hand and a

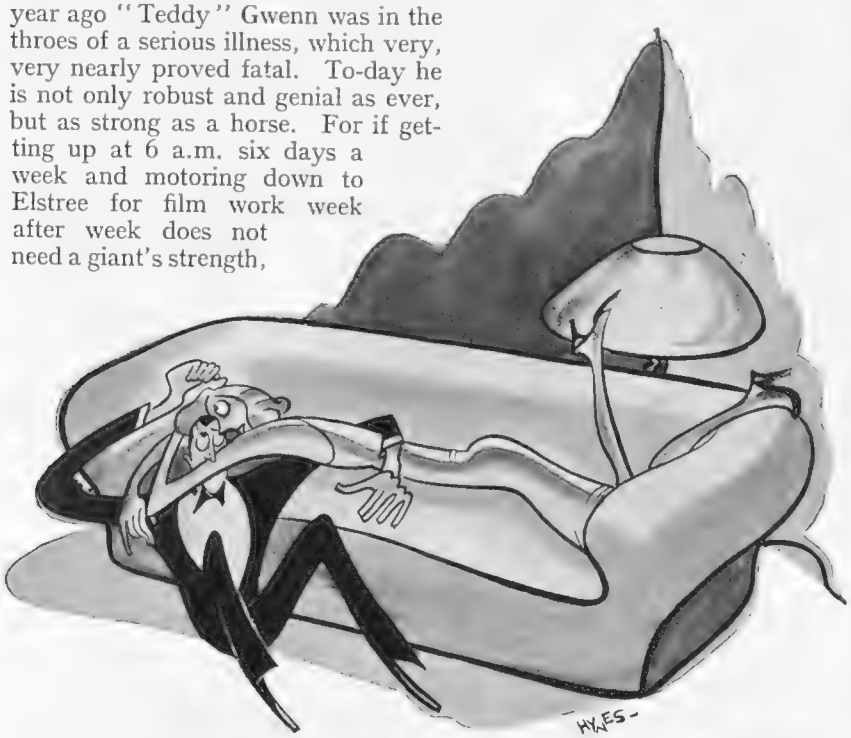
"SINISTER STREET," GLASGOW

A hearty battle in progress between undergraduates of Glasgow University during the recent Rectorial elections. They resulted in Mr. Compton Mackenzie, the famous novelist, whose works include "Carnival," "Sinister Street" and "Sylvia Scarlett," being elected Rector in succession to Mr. Stanley Baldwin

hard-boiled egg in the other. Princess Arthur of Connaught, Lord Dumfries, Mrs. Evan Morgan, and Evelyn Laye are among enthusiastic visitors to "Punch's," where there is no dancing, no rowdy jazz-band, no cabaret entertainment, but much to cheer the heart of man (including punch).

S

I MET there the other night that sterling actor and staunchest of good fellows, Edmund Gwenn. A year ago "Teddy" Gwenn was in the throes of a serious illness, which very, very nearly proved fatal. To-day he is not only robust and genial as ever, but as strong as a horse. For if getting up at 6 a.m. six days a week and motoring down to Elstree for film work week after week does not need a giant's strength, I do not know what does. But I find that however successful a well-known actor is on the films, he always hankers to get back to the legitimate stage. "I miss it—when I have time to think about anything at all," Teddy Gwenn told me. Seymour Hicks missed it so much that he determined to return to it, and is to play the lead in Walter Hackett's



"Yes, Ermyntrude, I've fallen hard for you!"

By Hynes

Mr. Compton Mackenzie, the new Rector of Glasgow University. The famous novelist, who is the brother of that brilliant actress, Fay Compton, has a penchant for island homes, having lived for some time on Jethou, one of the Channel Islands, and is now occupying a house on Eilan Agus

new play at the Whitehall with Marion Lorne. I have an idea that this play will deal with spiritualism.

S

I WENT over to Paris for a few days recently. A strange Paris is the 98 francs to the pound Paris. English visitors seem not only to have diminished but to have vanished altogether. A whisky and soda at 15 francs is rather an extravagance nowadays, and even a 5-franc taxi fare is no longer "chicken food." The revues have seized on to the situation and are not, I fear, very kind to us. Really, I do not know what our old England has done to France, except to wipe off a lot of money they owed us. Perhaps that is the reason. A man who owes you money and cannot or will not pay it usually loathes you like the devil.

S

PROBABLY I am exaggerating here. If so, I make the amende by opposing the general idea that on no account should one spend five minutes out of England for years and years.

Two famous Savoyards, Sir Henry Lytton (left) and Leo Sheffield, revive old memories in surroundings eminently suitable to "shop." The photograph was taken in Sir Henry's dressing-room at the King's Theatre, Edinburgh, where the D'Oyly Carte company were playing at the same time that "The Geisha," in which Leo Sheffield, who has now forsaken Gilbert and Sullivan, is appearing, was the attraction at the Empire Theatre in the same city

Miss Dorice Stainer, the well-known teacher of dancing who has returned from visits to Hollywood and New York, bringing back with her all the latest dances, including the Cuban Rumba, the Argentine Tango, and the latest routines in toe-dancing, which is the rage out there at present

We can be sufficiently patriotic by patronising our own hotels far more than we used to (and thus give them a chance to go in for some much-needed improvement). But it will be insularity run mad if we never go out of our own not-very-tight little island. This, too, is quite apart from the question of the South of France as a place for physical recuperation on the part of those who are fortunate enough to be able to afford it, even at a pinch. I am not going to swear off Nice and Cannes and Monte Carlo for ever and ever because it will be necessary to be rather more careful with francs. A pinch in time may save a deuce of a lot of dullness.

S

BUT the French will, I hope, be a little more reasonable and will strike a middle course between envying us for being too rich and despising us for being too poor. One fantastic instance I found of a French hotel actually putting up its prices owing to the fall of the pound. Two reasons were given—that the loss entailed by the paucity of visitors must be made up by making those who do come pay extra, and that any Englishman who can afford France in these days must be so rich that a few francs one way or the other cannot make any difference. But this hotel was very much an exception.

BY CHICOT

"SHALL WE JOIN THE LADIES?"

Walter Bird

JANE BAXTER

Who plays the name-part in "The Midshipmaid" at the Shaftesbury Theatre. This amusing play, dealing with the lighter side of life in the Royal Navy, is one of the biggest theatrical successes in the West End at the present time

THE whole of the English musical world must know Mr. William Boosey, whose reminiscences, *Fifty Years of Music* (Benn: 12*s.* 6*d.*) I have just been enjoying. Mr. Boosey, who, incidentally, was once a Parliamentary candidate, is in the interesting position of having nearly all his life been in close touch with both serious and light music, for he has run concerts at the Queen's Hall and had a hand in innumerable musical comedies.

SINGERS are apt to develop temperaments which have the trying habit of developing at an equal pace with the figures—in both the physical and financial sense—of their owners, and the vagaries of some of the leading lights of the operatic world need a lot of understanding and a deal of patience if they are to be successfully handled.

NO one knows more about the temperament of the prima donna than Mr. Boosey, who, though one of the kindliest of men, can on occasion be as much of an autocrat as the musical conductor in a story he tells. A very famous singer arrived late for rehearsal. "You forget I am a star," was her reply to the expostulations of the conductor. "Madame," he replied, "the only stars I recognise are those in heaven."

MR. BOOSEY'S interesting book will be enjoyed by musicians and non-musicians alike. He is a poet, too. But don't let that deter you! The book is a really jolly one and is guaranteed to give you a lot of quiet enjoyment.

INJURED INNOCENCE

Al Capone, who was recently sentenced to eleven years imprisonment for Income Tax frauds, is reported to have said during his recent outburst against people who had been making him out to be a "public enemy" that, far from being a menace to society, he was a quiet, well-mannered man with whom any mother could safely trust her young daughter.

GOSH, durn it all,
Ain't that too cute!
How dare they call
Poor me a brute?
I'll sure refute
Them lies right now—
And how!

I'm all straight-laced,
No vice I've got;
I've never placed
Guys on the spot,
Indeed, I've not,
For aren't I pure?
Why, sure!

So if some sweet
Young Jane feels sad,
And yearns to meet
An honest lad
Who shuns the bad,
Why, make a pal
Of Al

St. Anthony
With frails was "oak"
And I'm like he;
Why, listen folk,
This ain't no joke,
I'm pure all through—
"SEZ YOU!" *B. W*

BINNIE BARNES

One of the veritable little army of clever players appearing in Noel Coward's brilliant Drury Lane play, "Cavalcade." She takes the part of Fanny Bridges, the daughter of a butler who later becomes a publican

Very original is this mid-season model composed of velvet flowers in dahlia red with upstanding bow at centre back *Model Gaby Mono*

The Vogue of Velvet

By Blanche B. Elliott

ONE unexpected development of the restricted spending on clothes has been a decided improvement in general appearance and an all-round better dressing. Everyone is paying more attention to their purchases because they cannot afford to make mistakes. Exaggerations that were so much advertised at the opening of the season have been ignored by the best-dressed, and "period" styles left to bridesmaids and film stars. It is increasingly recognised that the base of all good dressing is restraint, and few women, especially the older ones, can successfully attempt such dress extravagances as bustles, wide-puffed sleeves, and so forth.

THE acid test of a well-dressed nation is how the middle-aged woman dresses. She has more to spend on clothes, but has to choose them with greater care. She must follow Fashion's fickle whims from a greater distance, but, provided she has kept her figure, the older woman can achieve the greatest chic. This indefinable quality is the very essence of restraint in dress, for while youth may be more flamboyant and daring, because she can "get away with it," the older woman has the added advantage of dignity and repose.

THE Frenchwoman is more chic as she grows older. Her taste has developed; her criticism is more keen. She knows her own limitations, and dresses to show her good points. The American is very neat and well-turned-out; while the Englishwoman is apt to grow careless and too soon give up the effort. She prefers comfort, and does not frequent the hairdresser, the masseuse, or the manicurist with equal zeal; while her hair and hats often remain in the style in which they were considered smart when she first grew up. However, on all sides there are signs of a greater fashion awakening in England; a finer dress sense apparent—and youth leads the way.

ANOTHER feature of our reduced incomes has been the patronising of the smaller dressmaker and copyist by those who usually buy model gowns. In Paris there is a dressmaking service which cuts out your pattern in the required size in a selected material which is delivered all ready to be sewn up, with accessories, trimmings, buttons, and so forth, so that a smart frock may be made up with a minimum knowledge of dressmaking. Now enterprising fashion pirates are bringing over the exact models stolen from the big French houses, cut out in cotton or fine canvas, with a sample of material used and colour to guide the home or small dressmaker.

STILL a fresh terror has been added to the already haunted life of the big couturier by the discovery in Paris of manufactured labels which have been put on frocks purported to have come from their houses and sold to an unsuspecting public (foreign) as original models, and apparently many

millions of francs have been made in this way. Thus, as I have often pointed out in these pages, those who wish to study the newest Paris creations must take their knowledge first-hand and buy from the fountain-head. Now, too, our own home designers should be given a chance by encouraging them in their efforts to be fashion leaders. To steal and copy in the dress trade is as criminal an act as in any trade—but far more easy to accomplish and difficult to trace.

THE mid-season collections now being shown in Paris disclose no great variation, but have reverted, on the whole, to a smart simplicity and youthful line. The slim-fitting Princess style predominates, and the exaggerated fullness shown by some houses is reduced to conform to this silhouette. Molyneux has added some new models, but keeps to the slim-fitting lines to about the knee, and then gives fullness by pleats, bias cuts, and godets. He shows a charming novelty in a short bolero cape for evening, with elbow sleeves made in vivid shades of velvet or in white ermine. Jacket coats are either saq or belted with fitted basques.

HATS are still one of the most interesting features. They have been so quickly copied and multiplied that the exclusive milliner is still turning out new styles, ably encouraged by perfect sunshiny weather in which to wear them. Reboux is responsible for a black felt with a high, turned-up back which opens fan-wise; another, with soft crown, was draped in low folds over the right eye. A flat saucer hat of black astrakhan was tipped up over the right eye, and covered at the back with three shades of velvet nasturtiums.

VELVET appears everywhere; velvet flowers completely cover the cute little model illustrated opposite. The Watteau shepherdess style is gaining ground, and discloses so much hair at the back that it looks as though we shall be forced to grow it. The other short-hair style is the *coup de vent* Anita Loos made famous—rather difficult, except for a certain type, and only those with straight hair.

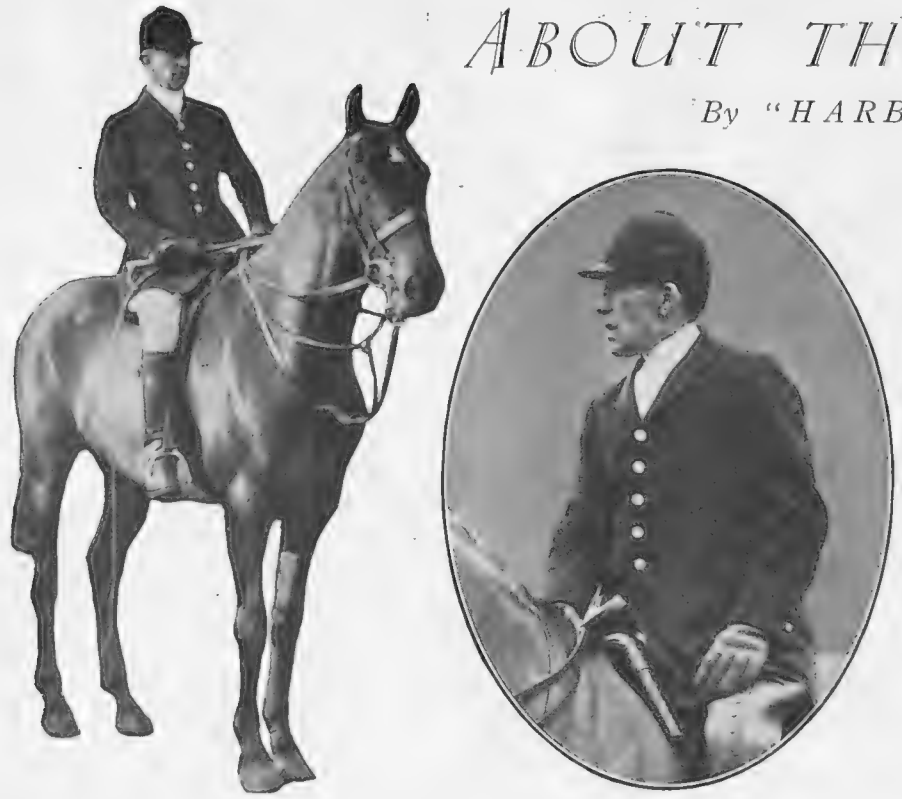
LE MONNIER predicts hats with a crown so low that it won't show much above the brim; many bright-coloured feather *fantaisies*, big bows of draped faille ribbon at the back or large shirred puffs. She makes tiny flat muffs to match the hats, which can be pulled on and used as a single cuff.

Molyneux has here evolved cocktail pyjamas that a modern George Sand would choose tunic held in with chain belt, long fitting sleeves and a scarf lined with white satin

In black velvet with blouse Model Molyneux

ABOUT THE QUORN

By "HARBOROUGH"



THE JOINT-MASTERS OF THE QUORN

Sir Harold Nutting (left) and Major A. E. Burnaby. They started their Joint-Mastership in 1930

I THINK it may be said without fear of much contradiction that Leicestershire is the Mecca of almost every young fox-hunter's aspirations, and Leicestershire to most of them, who may not have studied the geography of things very exhaustively, spells "The Quorn." Of course this is not true, because even all the Quorn country is not in Leicestershire—some of the west on the Charnwood Forest side is in Derbyshire, and there are some coverts in the north which are just inside the Notts boundary. Neither are the Quorn the only pack in Leicestershire by a long chalk.

THERE are the Belvoir and the Cottesmore, both of which have bits of their country in Leicestershire; and there is the Atherstone, south-west of the Quorn, part of whose territory is also in Leicestershire. But it is not arguable that when Ambitious Youth thinks of Leicestershire he thinks first of the Quorn and has a most praiseworthy desire to go and see for himself whether all that he has heard and read about it is true.

Speaking as someone who has been fired with a similar ambition, I say that this ought to be encouraged. All knowledge means an accretion of some sort of virtue, and the less parochialism is acquired the better: the more you travel the more does your mind expand and, let us hope, the wiser do you become!

SPEAKING again from, perhaps, an overripe experience, I know that the anticipation is that every time the Quorn, or any other Leicestershire pack for that matter, go out, a great hunt is a certainty; that hounds find a straight-necked fox at once and go away with a screech over oceans of ridge and furrow in hundred-acre fields enclosed by fences as black as night, and timber as high as your waist as you sit in the saddle, interspersed with a brook or two; no wire: steeplechasing pace all the way and a kill in the open a dead snip!

It is a most attractive picture, but, of course, it is not the one that is always hung on the line! There are days here as elsewhere when there are lashes of foxes in every place that is drawn, but no scent; there are days when the scent is as high as your hat and there are no vulps to speak of; everything looks and smells as if it ought to be right—and nothing comes right.

But supposing things are "just so," then it may be that given the necessary élan, plus a bit of luck and the right kind of start, Ambitious Youth has nothing else to do but sit down in his saddle (if the poet's instruction is correct) and hold his head straight.

I KNOW some people try to crab the Leicestershire hound and say that he is so accustomed to finding the huntsman galloping on blowing the trumpet, whether there's a fox in front or not, that he won't trouble to hunt. They also say that this is not the Leicestershire huntsman's fault—because he may, and often does, have between 350 and 400 unruly persons bang on his back and pressing his hounds before they have a hope of settling to the line—he has no option. This is not strictly correct. Crowds there be, certainly, and some of them most difficult, but it is not quite a true picture. It is true that the brigade who are out for one thing only, to gallop and jump, and have been known to remark that they could have a hatful of fun "if it were not for the beastly hounds," have wrecked many a good chance, but it is not quite as bad as some unkind critics have said. There are people who deserve to be sent home in every hunt, and there are some people who never have been brought up properly from the hunting point of view, but these do not compose the major portion of a Leicestershire field. I like to believe that it is the few upon whom the critics (in other countries) have fastened!

EVERYBODY who goes to any hunt as a stranger, just like an American tourist going to the Tower, or the Zoo, ought to have some smattering of its past history. Where the Quorn are concerned, for instance, the neophyte ought to know one or two salient facts like these: that although old Thomas Boothby started business in 1698, the Quorn is not the oldest pack that have hunted the fox. The Holderness had a Royal Charter to do it in 1279. He ought also to know that Quorn Alfred (1872), that great hound, was bred in Mr. Coupland's time (1870-84), and was out of the Craven Affable (1868) by Painter (1869): likewise, he ought to know a bit about the six days a week Sir Dick Sutton used to hunt, and how he gave over the present Fernie country to young Dick, because it was too much even for him; and he ought to know that this was not the last time when the Quorn were a six-day-a-week pack, for in the present Lord Lonsdale's day (1893-98) he and Tom Firr between them did six days a week. Also he ought to know, for modern information, all about the Dartmoor—Mr. Coryton's bitches, which Captain Frank Forester bought, and how the present senior Master, Major Algy Burnaby, and the late Mr. W. E. Paget went back for some more of them; and how that great hound Safeguard (1920) made such a mark in this kennel with Cruiser and other hounds; and how Lord Furness' famous dog, York and Ainsty Vandyke (1916), helped things.

THE newcomer also ought to have heard something about that brilliant Quorn huntsman, Walter Wilson, and of that nice old man, Brannigan, who was master of the horse and who fell dead from heart disease one hunting morning hacking to a meet not far from the kennels; and how a similar fate overtook poor Edmund Paget when he was actually out hunting not far from Loughborough in 1928, and how last season his place was taken by Sir Harold Nutting, who was such a success in the Meynell country.

The Hunting Season Begins

Famous Hunts and Their Followers

Above: The South Staffordshire moving off from a meet at Falcon Lodge. The Master of this popular hunt, which has its kennels at Longdon, Rugeley, is Colonel D. T. Seckham, D.S.O.

Below: Mrs. K. G. Menzies, a follower of the Beaufort, seen at a recent cubbing meet of this famous hunt. Before her marriage, Mrs. Menzies was Miss Violet de Trafford

Right: The Essex and Suffolk (Essex Side) hunt moving off for a morning's sport near Clacton-on-Sea. The Master, Col. G. C. Mangles, is seen crossing the bridge

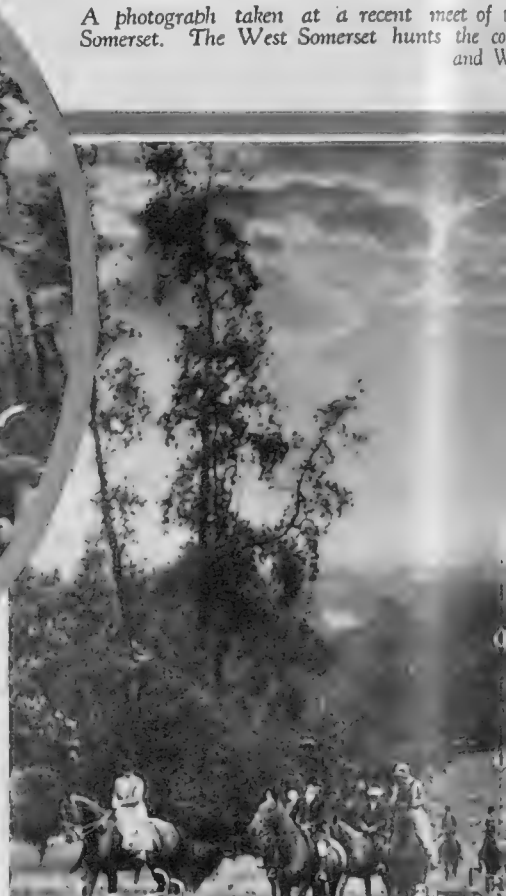
A CAMERA CAUSERIE FR

The Taunton Vale on their way to a meet at Castle Inn, near Chard. The Joint Masters of this famous Somersetshire pack, numbering forty couple, are Colonel W. H. Speke and Viscount Portman. The Taunton Vale meets on four days a week

A photograph taken at a recent meet of t Somerset. The West Somerset hunts the co and W

Hounds passing down a typical country lane near Meopham on the way to a meet of the West Kent, the Master of which is Mr. George M. Davidson. The West Kent meet twice a week

The new supplementary pack of the Bedale on their way to a recent meet, led by the Master, Mr. C. Burril. One of the most popular of North Country packs, the Bedale is always assured of good fields



Hounds leaving Baggrave Hall to draw th The Joint Masters of this hunt numbering Sir Harol

FROM THE HUNTING FIELD

of the West Somerset Foxhounds at Steart in
e country centring round Crowcombe, Stogursey,
nd Williton

W. Boddington, the Huntsman of the Whaddon Chase, taking hounds out for a morning's exercise from the kennels at Ascott, Leighton Buzzard. Lord Rosebery is the Master of this pack

v the woods after a recent meet of the Quorn.
ring 70 couple are Major A. E. Burnaby and
Harold Nutting

Lieut.-Colonel Sir Dennis F. Boles, the Master of the West Somerset, seen at the recent meet at Steart, on the edge of the Bristol Channel. Sir Dennis has held office since 1904

A photograph taken in the old-world village of Up-Ottery when the East Devon Foxhounds met there recently. Major W. E. Gatacre is the Master of the hunt, which numbers twenty-five couple

THE OPENING MEET OF A FAMOUS AMERICAN HUNT

Left: Miss Priscilla St. George, the daughter of Mrs. George St. George, of Tuxedo Park, New York, seen at the opening meet of the Essex Foxhounds. The Essex, with 54 couple, is the largest hunt in the United States, the Meadow Brook being second with 50 couple

Miss Anne Schley, the daughter of the Master, seen at the opening meet of the Essex, which counts many leading "social registrates" among its followers. During the season this famous hunt meets four times a week

Mr. Kenneth B. Schley, the Master of the Essex Foxhounds, leading the field to draw the first covert at the opening meet of the season. The Essex hunt the country round Baltimore

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

an Occasion for CHAMPAGNE.

by JOHN HASTINGS TURNER

By sheer accident I got a glimpse of the beginning of this affair at a cocktail party of that indefatigable octogenarian, Lady Kelper. There was an appalling crush of people, most of whom I did not know, and I was thankful to catch sight of Peter Wishart and his wife. I'd known Peter for years, and I liked his wife, too, though Dorothy, at least to my mind, was always a bit of a puzzle. One of those women who talk commonplaces, but somehow make you feel all the time that they know they *are* commonplaces. . . . A rather obscure blonde, if such a thing is possible. Talk about everything under the sun, and talk amusingly, but what she really believed about things, or whether she believed anything at all, remained a secret; at least to me, and I had known her well for ten years. Peter himself was like a bull. A nice, honest, decent-minded bull—but a bull. He charged at everything. There was nothing subtle about Peter, which was, I believe, half the charm of the man. For he *was* charming. Well, there they were, up at the end of the room, holding their cocktails screwed up against their bodies, like everybody else, to avoid throwing them over their neighbours. I got there after a time, and Peter bellowed out at me:

"Hullo, Ronnie! These damn parties are hell, aren't they." He never had any idea that a voice could be used otherwise than in top gear.

"Oh, hush, Peter!" said Dorothy, and smiled at me hopelessly.

"That's all right," roared Peter. "Old Lady Kelper's as deaf as Lot's wife, God bless her!"

"I'll take you away," said Dorothy, "if you don't behave yourself!"

We talked nonsense for a bit. Theatres, and the latest novel, and what Epstein was really getting at (Peter roared that what Epstein was getting at was damn-all)—and then the thing happened.

A young man I didn't know got shoved into my shoulder, and I upset half my Martini on to my spats. The young man said "Sorry," and then saw Peter. "Hullo, Wishart," he went on heartily. "Funny to run into you so quickly again! Lucky we had such red-hot weather over the week-end. Mary Bevan's house-parties can be frightful if it's wet."

Somebody bumped into him, and he slopped his cocktail over a girl's glove, and turned away to apologise and got swallowed up in the crush again. Nothing very odd about all that, and if I hadn't happened to be looking at Dorothy Wishart at the moment I should never have noticed anything. She was looking at her husband, and Peter was looking very queer indeed. Then Dorothy's eyelids just sort of fluttered the slightest bit, and Peter suddenly finished his cocktail, and Dorothy turned to me and said:

"Have you read 'This Naughty World'?" And that was all.

Two days later I was idly regarding an ivory frigate in a Bond Street window when I heard Peter's voice behind me.

"I say, Ronnie, are you doing anything at the moment?"

The tone, for Peter, was subdued, even frightened.

I said:

"What's the matter?"

"I can't tell you here," he answered; and then added, in a sort of desperation, "but I must tell *someone!*" That wasn't a bit like Peter. Something must have gone very wrong indeed. I got hold of a taxi and gave the address of my flat. Peter said nothing during the drive, or rather he just kept muttering to himself, over and over again, "I must have been mad! I must have been mad!"

Up in my room he sank down into a chair and sat staring at a silver Buddha on the mantelpiece. I'm not sure that men are very good at dealing with this sort of thing. I know, at least, that I felt completely at a loss. So I said:

"Have a whisky and soda, Peter?" But he shook his head. Then once more, very slowly, he said, "I must have been mad!" I thought the best thing was to give him time, so I filled a pipe and lighted it, and sat down opposite to him and waited.

At last he said:

"I've always seen myself as a pretty strong sort of bloke. Physically and the other thing, too. I'd have thought I could carry my own troubles. But I can't carry this one. I've just simply got to cough it all up to someone, or I'll take to drink or something." He lit a cigarette with fingers which were not altogether steady. "Not that you can do anything, old man. Not a damned thing . . ." His voice trailed off.

I said:

"However that may be, it's sometimes a relief to share things." Even as I said it I knew what a feeble, rotten cliché it was, but, upon my soul, I couldn't think of anything else to say.

"I don't know whether you remember that crush at Lady Kelper's?" he asked.

I nodded.

"It was there that it happened," he said. "Or, rather, of course, it had happened before that, but it was there . . ." His voice trailed off again.

So something *had* happened at that moment when Dorothy's eyelids had fluttered. Naturally, I had thought no more about it, and had now only the vaguest memory of the incident. I remembered some lad barging into me, and saying something to Peter . . . but he was talking again.

"You remember that fellow saying it was lucky it had been fine at Mary Bevan's?"

I nodded. I did remember that.

"Well," said Peter heavily, "I was supposed to be in Edinburgh that week-end, looking at plans for a new sifting plant for the mine."

Illustrated by
FRANK OLDHAM

(All rights strictly reserved.)

And now, of course, I began to see daylight.

"I've known Mary Bevan for years," he went on. "Just meeting her at different crushes, you know. But Dorothy's never run across her. They weren't, perhaps, quite Dorothy's type of party. She knows her name, of course, and I daresay a bit of gossip about her, too."

He paused.

"Well," he said, "on the Thursday I was riding in the Row, and I came across Mary—riding, too. And—God knows how these things happen—she persuaded me . . . No. That's not fair. I fell for her, and that's that! I said I'd join her house-party over the week-end. I knew what she meant by the invitation, of course. Mary's house-parties aren't tea and bread-and-butter. And I wanted her, too, Ronnie. Mad? I must have been stark raving!"

He paused again, and threw his half-smoked cigarette into the grate.

"I had that week-end," he went on in a hard voice, "and I'm not going to pretend I didn't enjoy myself. Then I came back and told Dorothy lies about the plans for the new sifting plant. But I didn't feel a cad a bit, Ronnie—so I suppose I must be an out-and-outer. And the odd thing is I love Dorothy as much as ever I did—and that's a hell of a lot. I'll tell you this much. If I lost Dorothy I'd smash up and become the king-rotter of the world. And yet—there it is—I've done this damned thing and Dorothy knows it."

"What line is she taking?" I asked.

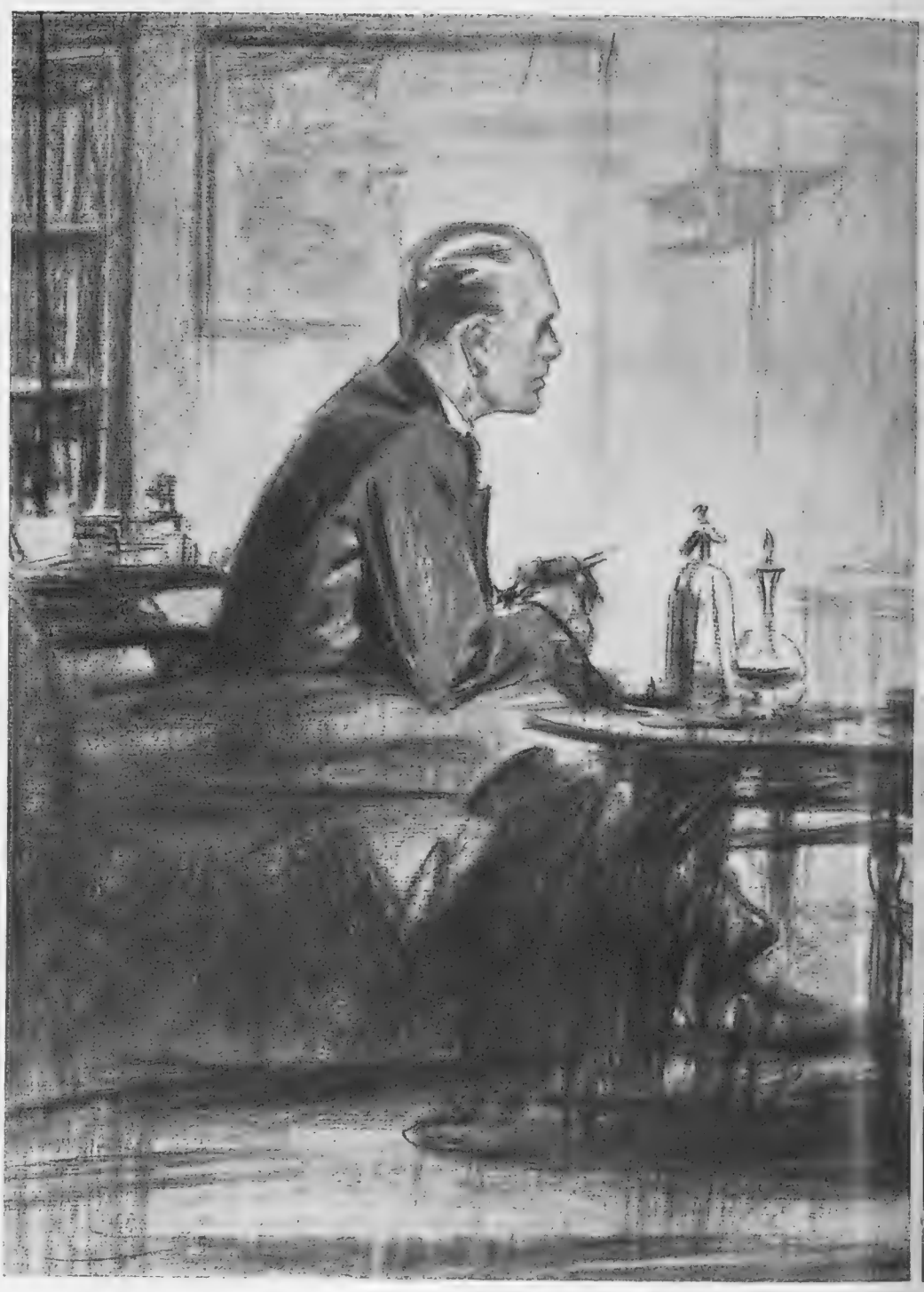
"That's what is so damnable!" he replied. "I don't know."

"Don't know?" I echoed.

"No. She hasn't said a single word about the thing."

"Then how do you know . . . ?" I asked, and stopped. For that was just foolishness. Of course she knew, and Peter and I both knew that she knew, from that momentary flutter of the eyelids alone.

"She's said nothing and done nothing," he repeated, "but somehow—I don't know how to describe it—she seems restless. As if she were trying to make up her mind about something. Trying to get an answer to a sum—oh, I'm no good at explaining things."



"Up in my room he sank into a chair and sat

PERSONALLY, I thought his explanation rather a good one. Trying to make up her mind whether to tackle him with it or leave it, or, perhaps, leave him. And Dorothy, as I have said, was a bit of an enigma. No knowing how her mind would react to a thing like this. Modern she was, up to a point, about books and plays, and the general live-and-let-live principles which Society goes on these days. But this was rather different. This came right home. There are a good many of us who talk freely enough about life and things—but, well, you only see the kernel when you've cracked the nut. And it's no use pretending that we're superior to unfaithfulness. It's always other people's unfaithfulness we philosophise over. There was no telling what might not be going on in Dorothy's mind, and I knew that Peter—who really loved her—was in hell.

"You can't go on like this, anyway," I said at last. "It's like a poison. You must get it out."

"You mean," he answered slowly, "ask her what she's going to do about it?"

"Ask her," I said, "whether she can possibly understand that the whole damned thing has nothing to do with your love for her."

Well, we talked for hours after that, but always going over and over the same ground and coming back to the same point.

"For your own sake and hers," I said, "you must find out what she is really thinking—how much she is hurt . . . you must find the kernel of the nut . . ."

"And if . . ." He stopped. It was as if he could not get the words out. But I knew what he wanted to say.

"If it's like that," I said, "it will be hell. But this is only another kind of hell, isn't it?"

He nodded, but when he left me I had no more idea what he was going to do than when we started talking. Poor charging old bull of a Peter! And of course he no more loved Mary Bevan than the next pretty girl he saw in the street!

staring at a silver Buddha on the mantelpiece"

I HEARD the rest of the story about a fortnight later. Peter rang me up and invited himself to dinner. He said that he was alone—Dorothy was out of town. Of course, I could gather nothing from that, whatever. And I didn't like to ask him, over the telephone, whether all was well, or not

We drank a glass of sherry before dinner, and Peter delivered himself of this gem of thought.

"Men simply can't hope to understand women, and that's all about it!"

I joined issue with this. The absurd theory happens to be one of my hobby-horses. The whole truth is that women try to surround themselves with an aura of mystery in order to cover an innate simplicity. At least, that's my theory. Or perhaps I ought to say, that *was* my theory. I said:

"Oh, rot. That was exploded in the War."

Peter said:

"Well, then, if you can explain Dorothy—I'd like to have it done!"

I pushed the decanter over and told him to carry on.

"I took your advice," he began slowly, "and I told her that—er—we couldn't go on like that. I said I didn't know about *her*, but that a little bit more of it, and I'd be a lunatic. But she said nothing at all."

He paused and sighed, and I had a vision of Dorothy—clever little cat—making heavy weather of it for him.

"So I had to go on," he said, which was, of course, what she wanted of him. "I told her the whole thing as I'd told it to you. I said I must have been mad. But I kept nothing back from her, Ronnie: not a damned thing. I told her I'd gone the whole way with Mary Bevan. And I told her, too, that in some odd way the whole affair had made me a thousand times fonder of my wife than ever I'd been before. And that sounds fantastic, I know. But it's true."

"Like coming home," I suggested, "after having been abroad."

"I daresay," he said, irritably. "But what the hell does *that* matter? The thing is that it was so."

I resolved to make no more comments.

"Well, I went on with my speech for the defence. I talked a whole lot. I said it was like getting tight; or a sort of brain-storm. I said it hadn't really anything to do with the relations between Dorothy and myself at all. I talked until I simply hadn't another word to say. And I ended up by telling her that I'd damn well rather have died than have done the blasted thing. And that's true, too."

"And Dorothy?" I asked.

"She just said, 'I've never seen Mary Bevan. It must be time to dress for dinner.' And that was that!"

WELL, I must confess it seemed to me to be something of a *non sequitur*: or perhaps she had just said that to mystify the poor devil, and keep him hopping about on hot bricks. Anyway, I wasn't going to give up my theory that all this business of women being odd creatures, and not understandable, was rubbish. The truth is—they *are* like cats——if they get a man down they'll play with him before they kill him.

Peter said:

"This is damned good sherry." I pushed the decanter over to him again.

"The next morning," he went on, "I was just starting for the office, when she said, 'Need you go to the office to-day?' I said, 'No . . . I *needn't* go, of course.'

"And it's a damned humiliating thing, Ronnie," he added, "but I needn't. I'm just a figure-head there—that's all. The business would go on if I never went near the cursed place again. Daresay Dorothy knows that, too! Anyway, she said she'd rather I didn't go—and would I have the car round at eleven, without Richards. That's our chauffeur. So, at eleven, I had it round."

He sighed again, and shook his head. And I had a mental picture of Dorothy enjoying herself. But I hadn't heard the end of the story then.

(*Continued on page 246*)

"GIPSY BLOOD" IN A BRITISH TALKIE

D. Hay Petrie, as a pedlar, interests Carmen (Marguerite Namara) in the gaudy ribbons and trinkets dear to the Latin heart in a scene from the B.I.P. talkie, "Gipsy Blood." This is the story of Carmen as adapted from the opera of that name for the screen

Carmen (Marguerite Namara) and the dashing José (Tom Burke) in a passage of arms—and lips. The music in "Gipsy Blood" is from Bizet's famous opera, "Carmen"

The bold bad brigand (Dennis Wyndham) watches Carmen putting in a little heavy work at close quarters with the enemy. "Gipsy Blood" is one of Elstree's most ambitious efforts

HISTORY AND HUMOUR ON THE SCREEN

Right: Dr. Robert Moffat (Douglas Cator), accepting the offer of David Livingstone (M. A. Wetherell), to visit Africa on behalf of the Missionary Society in a scene from the British synchronised film, "Livingstone." This remarkably fine film started a season at the Windmill Theatre, Piccadilly Circus, on Monday

Ann Casson, the young daughter of Lewis Casson and Sybil Thorndike, has already made a very big hit in talkies. She is seen above with William Freshman in a scene from "The Bachelor Baby," a B.I.P. production

Renee Clama, the promising young British film actress, wearing an attractive suit of green and brown hopsack. She was seen recently in the British talkie, "The Man They Could Not Arrest"

A DALY'S "CHICKEN" DOES ITS HOP

"'Chick, Chick, Chick, Chick, won't you marry me, Chick?
Be my little wife,' said he"

"She was a Dorking proudly stalking,
Only a bantam, he"

"'Let me be, Chick,' said the she-chick,
'Cock-a-doo-dle, that'll doo-dle-do'"

"He was a most superior bantam,
And he adored her true"

Photos by Sasha

"Give me one kiss,' said the little he-chick.
What is more he kissed her too"

ON this page is seen Dudley Rolph as he appears in his famous song and dance duet, "Two Little Chickens," with Lorna Hubbard in the revival of "The Country Girl" at Daly's. This chicken number, far from getting the "bird," is one of the most popular in the successful revival of this old favourite among the musical comedies

THE BIRTH OF A SMILE

ANN TODD, who is now well in the front rank of British film stars, shows three stages of the birth of a smile. She will be seen shortly as Jane, the heroine of the talkie version of A. P. Herbert's novel, "The Water Gipsies," which deals with the life of the little army of barge dwellers on the canals of England. This film, which is an Associated Radio Picture, is now in the final stages of cutting and editing at the new studios at Ealing Green

SUCH WAS LIFE!

PICTORIAL SIDELIGHTS ON LIFE AS LIVED IN QUEEN VICTORIA'S DAY, REPRODUCED FROM "OUR FATHERS," BY ALAN BOTT

THE BARN DANCE AT THE KHEDIVE'S STATE BALL IN CAIRO. 1895

"DO YOU REVERSE?" A MEMORY OF 1893

A contemporary impression of the Duke of Marlborough's Coming-of-Age Ball in the Long Library at Blenheim Palace, for which, we are told, "invitations were sent to the élite of the nation"

HIGH LIFE IN BELGRAVIA; A MUSICAL PARTY IN 1872

"TRAILING CLOUDS OF GLORY"—1894

A ladies' hockey club at play. From the picture by Lucien Davis, exhibited at the Royal Institute

ON this page are reproduced four of the many interesting illustrations found in "Our Fathers," an amusing review of late Victorianism, written by Alan Bott and published by Heinemann at 8s. 6d. "Junius" deals fully with this book in his weekly review of the new books, which starts on page 245

Even at this time of the year the Riviera sun can be hot enough to call for protection from its rays, as witness the above photograph. It was taken on the verandah of the Municipal Casino at Juan-les-Pins

ETHEL MANNIN writes of LIFE IN PARIS NOW

Miss Ethel Mannin, the famous novelist and publicist, contributes this week a typical article from Paris, whither she went recently. Further contributions will appear in due course

WELL, it's all over now, all that golden autumn business along the Seine and up in the Champs-Elysées, all that excitement of champagne air and skies like blue painted ceilings; the show of autumn flowers in the Tuileries which made my typewriter twitter so lyrically last week is now uprooted; braziers have begun to make their appearance on the café terrasses, and only a few hardy souls eat outside at mid-day. Berry's valiantly persists in refusing to admit that winter has begun and brings out its sun-umbrellas at the faintest gleam, and one sits at Fouquet's or Berry's according to which side of the Champs-Elysées has the monopoly of sun at that hour. . . .

BILLY MILTON

The talented young English composer, dancer, and singer, who is very popular with Parisian audiences. He has been chosen by Mistinguette to partner her in the new revue at the Casino de Paris

IN spite of the colder weather we have had an exposition of the work of the artistes de Montmartre up at La Coupole en plein air, I wonder what happens to the thousands and thousands of pictures painted in Paris every year! But I am told that the French bourgeoisie buy original paintings of students and comparatively unknown artists for a few francs to hang up in their homes, instead of buying reproductions of the works of famous artists, as the English do. Perhaps they do, but I would like to see someone actually buying a picture—just once. The majority of them are incredibly, fantastically bad! And what a lot of ineffectiveness and futility is masked by a little "Art"! The art-schools here are packed with young Americans who are having the time of their lives—at their families' expense; and from what I have seen of their work, both in the schools and at their expositions, I should say that not one in a hundred has anything to say. "Art" is simply an excuse for living a pseudo-Bohemian life and not having to work for a living.

IN the little café-tabac just round the corner from the big Ecole des Beaux Arts, where I frequently go for an evening vermouth, I see swarms of these young people—young men with beards and side-whiskers and "Bohemian" sweaters and berets, and young women with bright scarves and brighter mouths. Some of the girls are students; some are models; the models provide the French element. The young men bring portfolios of their drawings to show each other and the genial proprietor of the place, who presides over them rather like an easy-going father of a large and very noisy family. The girl-students are very "hearty" with the young men—"all chaps together"; the models are more affectionate and encourage arms round their shoulders. They all sit for hours playing cards or throwing dice, over a single coffee or beer or Dubonnet, and

Little Jacqueline Jallepe can, like a lot of other two-year-olds, raise a racket. Her father, M. René Jallepe, recently added to his laurels in the International Lawn Tennis Tournament at the Provençal Club, Juan-les-Pins

A PARISIAN BEAUTY

The popular dancer, Mlle. Carise. She is counted to be one of the most beautiful and graceful girls on the French stage

m'sieur le proprietaire does not mind if they drink nothing at all. In the matter of affectation the young men are much worse than the young women. It's as though they *have* to grow beards just to show they really are artists.

S

AFTER all the rubbish displayed in the streets of Montparnasse and Montmartre it was a relief to go and see some real art at the Musée del' Orangerie, by the Place de la Concorde where there is a Degas exhibition which on Sundays is as popular as the Luxembourg. I am wondering whether films with unhappy endings are at last coming into their own. I was interested to find that the Conrad Veidt film, "La Dernière Compagnie," being done in German and English at the funny little dilapidated Queen's Hall of a cinema, Les Agriculteurs, on the way up to Montmartre, and the much-advertised and very successful Paramount film, "Marius," at the Paramount Cinema in the Boulevard Capucines, both ended unhappily—to their immense artistic advantage. The exterior of Le Paramount is a smother of artificial mimosa and twittering birds—to give the proper Southern effect, one supposes—and the modern interior is draped with fishing-nets and lifebelts. It was necessary to queue up for nearly an hour for even the most expensive seats for this film, but as Paris cinemas go on till half-past two in the morning one had the satisfaction of knowing that there would have to be a "place" sometime — and the film was worth it, with lovely shots of Marseilles and the five-masters which make her colourful, romantic quays so fascinating. But a film as good as that doesn't need the absurd prologue it is given, with a massed band on the stage, against a musical comedy background of the port of Marseilles, playing the American fox-trot melodies of yesterday. Unfortunately my French isn't good enough for me to bring the proper appreciation to the wit which both relieved and emphasised the pathos and drama of this fine film. I should like to see it done in English.

"MISS PARIS" FOR 1932

Mlle. Elaine Jourde, the nineteen-year-old student from the Quartier Latin, who has been elected "Miss Paris" for next year. So keenly was the election contested that it took the jury nine hours to come to a decision

S

WOULD you believe it—"L'Ange Bleu" which I saw at the Studio des Ursulines when I was here at the beginning of the year, is still going strong, with French and German versions on alternate days, and "Le Million" and "City Lights"—which somehow sounds so much more imposing translated as "Les Lumières de la Ville"—look like becoming as much spectacles permanentes as Mistinguette herself, who continues to "show a leg" at the Casino de Paris. Josephine Baker, whom I saw there earlier in the year—and who to my mind is not a patch on all that subtle artistry which was tragic, beautiful little Florence Mills—has left Paris for Bordeaux and une grande tournée en France et en Europe. I liked her slender golden-brown body, but I should like to have seen it put to better use than a mere mannequin display of lurid pink and green feathers and strings of beads.

That much-discussed play *Maya* is on at the Théâtre Montparnasse. Being tired of people saying to me, "D'you mean to say you've never seen it?" I intend to rectify the omission shortly. But the dancing endurance contest at the Eldorado leaves me as cold as I imagine it leaves the competitors hot . . . five hundred, and four hours is the record as I write this. . . . Well, well. . . .

S

IN a little restaurant in the Boulevard Raspail the other night I met the young painter, Mr. Ned Murray, who had Sargent's studio at one time. Being young and a painter, and living in Paris, sounds much more romantic than, apparently, it really is, for this young man goes to bed at half-past nine every evening (so he says) and gets up and starts work at ten in the morning. Also he was dining alone when I met him, and drinking nothing more exciting than Vichy water with his lonely meal of grilled sardines.

S

HE has a nap before dinner, though, but such is the ruthlessness of Paris life that even that is liable to be intruded upon, for the other night, in spite of his servant's protest that his lord sleepeth, an English lady and gentleman insisted on being shown into his apartment, and lo, it was none other than my Lord Beauchamp and Mrs. Bertha Lewis. . . .

S

AND just to show you what a really vicious place Paris is, t'other night at the Deux Maggots (of all silly names for a café, even if it is in the Latin quarter) there was a party consisting of an old man and a young man and a young woman, and they were drinking something white out of a bottle which one of them produced from a portfolio, and there was a flutter of excitement at the surrounding tables, and other people held out their glasses for some of the precious fluid—and after a little while everyone was gay indeed. . . . No, the stuff in the bottle wasn't milk, it was—sh!—absinthe!

S

OH, and while we're being vicious, *black candles* are now considered chic for sideboard and dining table ornamentation . . . with which bright thought I leave you, to go and visit a young American couple who run a glass furnace on the edge of the forest of Fontainebleau and who have promised to teach me all there is to know about French peasant cooking. . . . Chacun à son goût (says you!).

E. M.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

VARIED LIFE IN THREE REIGNS

By "JUNIUS"

MR. ALAN BOTT has achieved the apparently impossible. In *Our Fathers* (Heinemann: 8*s.* 6*d.*) he has produced something new in history. With hundreds of pictures taken from illustrated papers he has given us an epitome and a bird's-eye view of England during the last thirty years of Queen Victoria's reign—the last lap of the now so much derided "Victorian Period."

This gathering together of contemporary woodcuts is astonishingly clever. Some hundred thousand illustrations were examined, the ultimate choice resulting in the national life of those thirty years being reproduced from every angle in a masterly combination of seriousness and comedy. The quotations below each picture are taken from contemporary publications, speeches, diaries or letters, and therefore give the actual atmosphere of the illustration.

The book is divided into ten parts covering such subjects as "Manners and Morals," "The Rise of Woman," "State Occasions," "Fights for the Flag," each preceded by a chapter full of knowledge, humour, and shrewd deduction. And there's a lot of interesting information, too, such as the fact that insurance companies raised their fire rates when electricity began to be put into houses in 1882; and that in 1875 there was an exhibition of perishable wicker coffins in the hall at Stafford House, then the residence of the Duke of Sutherland, and now the London Museum. Another point—and this will interest women especially—is the changing fashions in those thirty years. A book that must have taken heavy labour in its compilation, and a book that everybody ought to possess.

King Albert with General Jungbluth (left) and General Hanoteaux in Antwerp, October 7th, 1914. A photograph from "Albert, King of the Belgians, in the Great War." It is published by Putnam

The Queen of the Belgians and the Prince of Wales at La Panne, November 22nd, 1914. Another photograph reproduced from "Albert, King of the Belgians, in the Great War," by Lieut.-General Galet, H.M.'s Military Adviser

BY a coincidence two other books carry us on to the end of King Edward's reign. One is *Personal Letters of King Edward VII* (Hutchinson: 12*s.* 6*d.*), edited by Lieut.-Col. J. P. C. Sewell, and *The Delightful Profession: Edward VII. A Study in Kingship* (Jonathan Cape: 10*s.* 6*d.*), by H. E. Wortham. The first consists of letters written to General Sir Arthur and Lady Paget. They deal entirely with social happenings, and show the loyalty and steadiness of King Edward's friendship. That is all. As the editor points out, in writing to such old and close friends as Sir Arthur and Lady Paget, it might have been expected that the then Prince of Wales would have expressed his dismay and indignation over the Tranby Croft Baccarat Scandal, but "with his customary and remarkable discretion, however, he mentioned the affair only twice, and then in the most guarded terms."

Mr. Wrotham's book is the first unofficial study of King Edward by an English writer. It is remarkably well done, just, considered, and, as such, a valuable contribution to history. One era died with Queen Victoria, another began with King Edward, and, as Mr. Wrotham says, "It is the abiding interest of King Edward's character that he stood thus successfully at the meeting-place of civilisations. He is the last of the company of kings—which included a Louis XIV and a Henry VIII—the first of a new breed we see to-day in Albert of Belgium, and to-morrow, if you like, in King Magnus, of *The Apple Cart*."

NEXT, we have the part King Albert played in the Great War in *Albert, King of the Belgians, in the Great War* (Putnam), by Lieut.-General Galet, Chief of Staff of the Belgian Army, and translated by Major-General Sir Ernest Swinton. General Galet lifts the curtain on much that was unknown to the world outside the military and the diplomatists. When King Albert ascended the throne in 1909 he found Belgium utterly unprepared to defend herself against invasion. He at once set about reorganising the Army, but "departmental differences prevented all progress." The King, however, persevered, and a visit he paid to Berlin in the late autumn of 1913 spurred him to still further efforts of defence.

"During an after-dinner conversation at Potsdam the Emperor declared that it was becoming difficult to avoid a war with France, since she would not respond to his conciliatory overtures, and her Press was growing more and more hostile. He felt the two nations were bound to come to grips sooner or later, and that a crushing victory for the German Army was certain."

GENERAL VON MOLTKE went even farther. "This time we must make an end of it," he said to the King, "and your Majesty cannot imagine the irresistible enthusiasm which will permeate the entire German nation on 'The Day.'" The German victory "could never be in doubt"; there would be "terrible destruction," and "that small countries, such as Belgium, would be well advised to rally to the side of the strong if they wished to retain their independence."

The ex-Kaiser and von Moltke thus themselves gave King Albert the warning that enabled him to create those defences which held up their troops and prevented the "walk-over" they had so confidently relied upon. King Albert has written a short autograph foreword to the book, and the photographs of the War scenes were all taken by Queen Elizabeth.

"PICK UP" (Shaylor: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Eunice Chopin, is exactly what its title describes. A lovely young stenographer with hair like a golden

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued)

chrysanthemum, loses her hat on a New York bus, whereupon her neighbour, Niels Anderton, enters into conversation, and promptly takes her out to dinner and afterwards to his flat, where she drinks too much whisky. The rest of the story gives us a picture of the night-club side of New York life, with portraits of some extremely unpleasant people who frequent it. Scarcely one of the characters have a moral to bless themselves with, and some of the Americanisms are so very American that a glossary would be helpful. For instance, what is "batting eyelashes"?

HUNTING folk will read Mr. W. Scarth Dixon's *Men, Horses, and Hunting* (Jonathan Cape: 15*s*.) from cover to cover. Few people know more about horses than he does, and many readers of the old *Sporting Times* will remember his articles in that paper, signed "The British Yeoman." To begin his book is a history of the development in breeding horses for hunting and for utility, he himself beginning to take particular interest in this subject when quite a young man. He was largely instrumental, too, in founding the Cleveland Bay Horse Society. Hunting folk will be thrilled by his accounts of farmers' runs, such as the Melbourne Hall run, and racing folk will revel in his racing memories, especially those of the York meetings. Mr. Dixon ends one of the jolliest of books with this quotation:—

"I have lived my life, I have nearly done,
I have played the game all round;
And I honestly own that most of my fun
I owe it to horse and hound."

Lenare

MR. JOHN GANE BARROW

Whose entertaining new book of travel, "Digression," is now on sale. It is published by Skeffington at 10s. 6d.

I CANNOT remember reading a more original or a more engaging book of travel than *Digression* (Skeffington: 10*s*. 6*d*.), by John Gane Barrow. It has no likeness whatever to the ordinary book of travel. You go with Mr. Barrow to Ceylon, China, Australia, Canada, without any of the fuss of detail. You first arrive there with him and he writes with such colour and humour that you get the exact impression that his wanderings made upon his mind.

HIS descriptions of scenery are often beautiful, but what is even more enjoyable are the little histories of his fellow-passengers, and the little stories which fall into place so naturally, no matter in what part of the world they may be told. The one about the little boy Simon, who was sorely puzzled to know who would "dig the grave-digger's grave when he's dead," is the sort of thing you don't forget; and another, of the highly respectable Australian lady and the native boys diving for coppers is a gem. Mr. Barrow has acute observation, a sense of beauty, and these, allied to a sense of humour, have produced, as I have said, a most original and engaging book, and I can safely prophesy that it will find a welcome niche on the bookshelves of readers who enjoy and treasure a really good book of travel.

"JUNIUS."

AN OCCASION FOR CHAMPAGNE (continued from page 237)

"Dorothy said she was going to drive," went on Peter, "and I asked her where she meant to go. There was a lot of traffic about and she didn't answer. Then she turned down Queen's Gate, and said, 'We're going to call on Mary Bevan.' I said, 'Good God, no!' and she said, 'Yes, we are.' I said, 'Why? Why?' and she said, 'Because I want to.' So what was I to do?"

I didn't see what he was to do, so I just told him to get along with the story.

"We entered the drive of that beastly Sussex manor about a quarter to one," he said. "God! How I hated the sight of the place. . . . And I felt a fool, too," he added; "like a kid being sent to apologise for being rude. And besides, you see, I didn't know what line Dorothy was going to take. . . .

"Mary was in the drawing-room, messing about with some flowers. The man said, 'Mr. and Mrs. Wishart,' and over the top I went! Mary gave a sort of little jump and then got herself under control. I mumbled something about just passing and thinking I'd look in and introduce my wife. It must have sounded perfectly imbecile in the circumstances, but anyway it got nipped in the bud by Dorothy. She said, 'Don't talk rubbish, Peter,' and went on to explain that she knew all about the week-end and was naturally very anxious to meet Mary. Yes—she said, 'naturally.'

"Mary looked at me as if I were a snake she had found in a banana crate.

"'You damned fool!' she said, and suddenly flew off the handle She raved at me and then at Dorothy—and then I told her to shut up, and she said we could get out of her house just as soon as we liked. In a way I sympathised with her. Then Dorothy said, 'I'm glad to have met you. Come along, Peter dear.' And somehow or other we found ourselves back in the car. Dorothy said nothing till we ran into East Grinstead, and then she said she thought it was about time for lunch, and at lunch I tackled her.

"I said: 'What on earth made you go down there and make a scene?'

"'I didn't make a scene,' she said. 'And surely you see, Peter, that if I'm fond of you, I had to see her?'

"'I should have thought,' I answered, 'she would have been the last person you would wish to see.'

"'I WANTED to see,' she explained, 'whether she was a blonde and how much of a temptation she was. I couldn't have borne it if she hadn't been a blonde. And I couldn't have borne it if she had been clever and charming and full of poise. If I'd asked you, Peter, you would have told me that she was all these things, to try to explain yourself away. And then I should have tormented myself by believing that some real attraction had got you. But Mary Bevan is none of these things. She's pretty, and that's all. She's no poise and no manners; and she funked me, Peter, like hell. So you see, I'm jolly glad I've seen her, and I feel much happier about it.'

"Well, Ronnie, I'd just got nothing to say whatever. She made it look as if I'd picked up a common little bit of fluff and gone to Southend with her. Made the whole thing seem like a bit of rotten bad taste. . . ."

I regarded Peter over the rim of my glass.

"Which, in point of fact, it was," I said, slowly. "Well, Peter, you've found the kernel of that particular nut, and I must say it's a bit of a surprise. Either Dorothy is a damned clever woman, or else . . ."

"Well?" he asked. But I shook my head.

"No," I answered. "That wouldn't be good for you to know. You're well enough pleased with yourself already."

Parsons, my man, told us that dinner was served.

"We'll have some champagne, Parsons," I said. "I think, Peter, it is an occasion for champagne, don't you?"

Peter did.

J. H. T.

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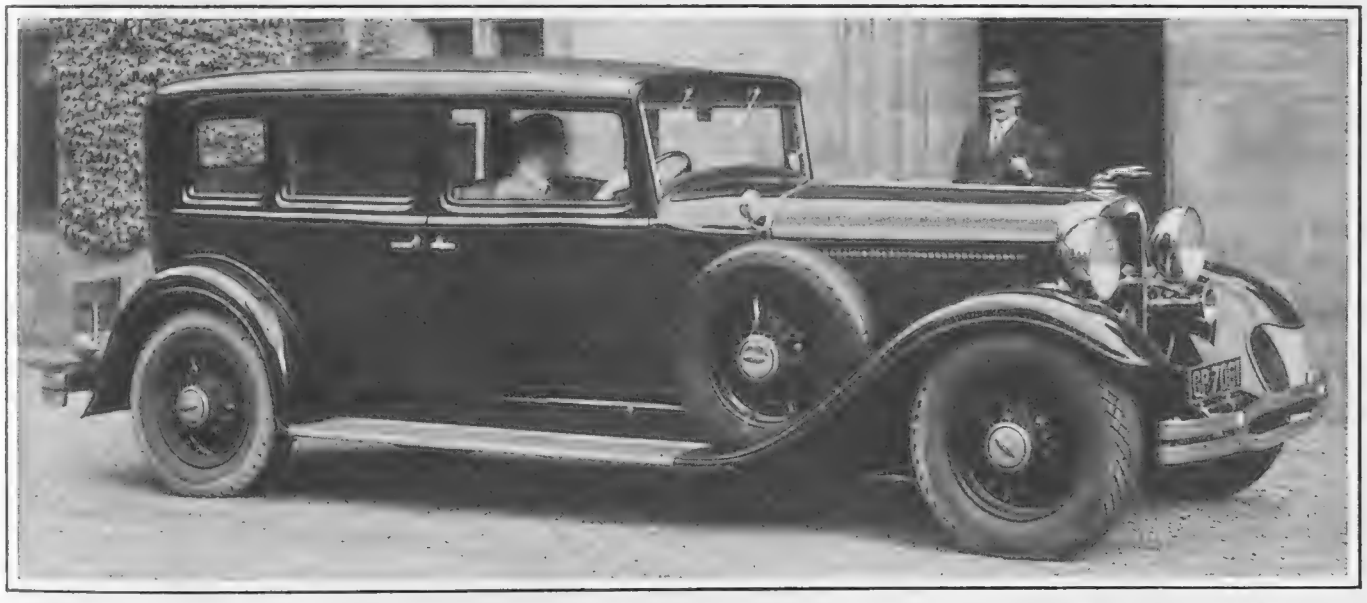

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FLYING NOTES

BUILT FOR A WORLD RECORD

The Fairey-Napier monoplane on which Squadron-Leader O. R. Gayford and Flight-Lieut. D. L. Bett, seen inset, flew non-stop to Egypt. The machine is to be used in an attempt to capture for Britain the World's long-distance record

BRITISH TRADE BY AIR

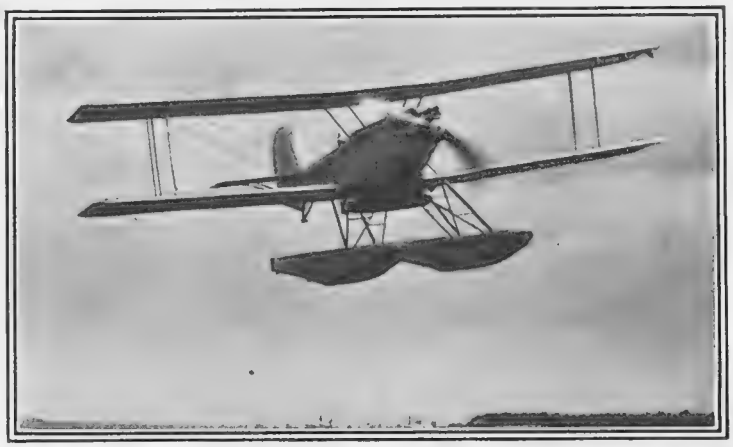
By CAPT. C. E. WARD

Air and the Cabinet

VERY rarely is civil aviation the subject of Cabinet discussion, and for the reason that expenditure on the Royal Air Force and on the civil programme is passed in the same estimate, civil flying gets scanty attention even in the House of Commons. Many candidates have found the aeroplane to be a valuable ally for the first time during the recent Election, and in consequence they will be much more ready to interest themselves in this country's progress in the air. We are already ahead of other nations in high-speed research and achievement, the quality of our military aircraft, and in the export of British-built equipment, but we have no internal air services, and a very great lack of airports and landing grounds. The Imperial routes to India and to Central Africa, with the extension of the latter to Cape Town at the end of this year, need far more support from British business houses than they get at present. All first-class mail and urgent freight to any country served by these routes should go by air, and if passenger accommodation becomes over-taxed, Imperial Airways can add to their fleet quite easily. The subject of trade by air is of such importance to this country, if we are to regain our old position of leaders in the realm of transport, that it merits close attention of the Government. We look to Mr. MacDonald, already an ardent supporter of flying, to appoint a strong Air Minister, and preferably someone who is also converted to the modern method of travel.

Municipal Airports are Useful

IT is when undertaking cross-country journeys in England, whether by road or by rail, that the inadequacy of our internal lines of communication becomes most obvious. For instance, a journey from Yeovil to Cardiff takes four hours by rail and more than five by road, whereas by air it can be accomplished in half an hour. This was demonstrated recently when the new aerodrome at Cardiff was opened by the Lord Mayor, a Westland "Wessex" machine making the trip with a stop at Bristol, where a municipal airport was established some time ago. Many passengers, including the Lord Mayor, were taken up at Cardiff, which has now put itself on the air map for everyone who may travel that way. During the election every municipal and private airport, together with all sorts of landing grounds, licensed and otherwise, were the scene of much activity. The "Flying Squad" of private owners, directed from Heston, was reinforced by private pilots in other parts of the country and used for carrying bales of literature, as well as candidates and their supporters.



The Vickers "Vildebeest" Torpedo Bomber fitted with a 650 h.p. Hispano-Suiza engine. Machines of this type are being sold to Spain, where many other British aeroplanes are in use

Goodwill Tours

MR. ROBERT BLACKBURN, who has been a leading figure in British aviation circles since 1909, or thereabouts, has just returned from a goodwill tour of Europe. There were three of his machines taking part—a "Bluebird," with side-by-side seating, similar to that used by Mrs. Victor Bruce on her flight to Japan; the "Meteor," a four-seater cabin monoplane with two Gipsy engines, the original design being that of the late Sir Henry Segrave; and the "Lincock," a medium-powered military fighter. These machines created great interest at the official receptions and demonstrations before the leading European military and commercial authorities, and there is no doubt that this method of showing the flag is the right one for increasing our export trade. Captain H. C. Baird's tour on the "Vildebeest" to Scandinavia and the Baltic States on behalf of Vickers seems likely to produce good results. The Spanish Naval Air Service is to be re-equipped with the "Vildebeest," a number of which will be built in Spain under licence and fitted with Spanish-built Hispano-Suiza engines. As regards our export trade, it is immaterial whether we sell military, naval, or civil equipment. Trade in civil machines will assume eventually far greater proportions than the other types.

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Sandy Herd gives a demonstration of his famous grip in persuading his opponent, Jack Wynne, to come along and play up nicely during the match between the Vaudeville G.S. and a team of notable professionals. It took place recently at Hendon

GOLF GOSSIP

By LIEUT.-COL. W. ELWY JONES

THE PRINCE OF WALES played for the Household Brigade Golfing Society in their match against the Jokers, a team of golfing cricketers led by R. H. de Montmorency, on the New Zealand Club's course at Byfleet. The Jokers won by 7½ points to 4½. The Prince halved his match with Colonel Bunbury in the singles, but he and Major E. R. M. Fryer were defeated by Col. Bunbury and G. S. Baker in the foursomes.

* * *

OVER fifty members of the Metropolitan Police Golfing Society took part in a 36 holes stroke competition held over the Brent Valley course a few days ago.

P.C. Pearce (S Division) won the first prize with 66 and 67=133 net. The scratch prize was won by P.C. Atwill with 82 and 73=155.

It looks as though the new Commissioner of Police will have to look into the handicaps of the members of this Society!

* * *

MR. D. COTES PREEDY, K.C., was playing with Mr. Shirley Baldwin recently when the latter holed his tee shot at the short Sixteenth.

* * *

ABE MITCHELL played for Verulam in a week-end foursomes match on their own course against the Nineteenth Club. Two old Cambridge University Blues, W. C. Carr and W. H. Birmingham, played for the Nineteenth Club, who were beaten by 6½ points to 1½. In the afternoon Abe Mitchell and W. Lismore were beaten (2-1) by W. C. Carr and T. H. Vernon Haydon. Some weeks ago I wrote of Haydon's terrific driving power, and I am told that in this match he outdrove Mitchell at a number of holes.

* * *

I NOTICE there are many golfers amongst the new members of Parliament. It is to be hoped that they will see that the new land tax does not wipe many clubs out of existence, as it was feared it would.

* * *

NORTHWOOD and Sandy Lodge ladies divided the honours in their match at Northwood, each side winning three games and halving one. Miss Lett, who led the home side, defeated Miss A. M. Hyde by 6 and 5.

GOLFING DAYS UP NORTH

Mrs. John Drury-Lowe (left) and her mother, Mrs. J. C. Hope-Vere. They are seen watching the play at North Berwick

J. R. KEEN has a difficult task in choosing the team to represent Oxford against Cambridge. He has six of last year's side; they are A. G. Langford, Charles Sweeney, S. W. L. Adams, J. A. Lyle, and E. H. Moss, in addition to himself. A. G. N. Robinson and E. L. Dunnet, last year's reserves, are also available, and a number of excellent players, amongst whom are J. A. Laurie and J. J. F. Pennink, English Boy Internationals; Robert Sweeney, a brother of Charles; J. B. Tanner, J. R. Beattie, G. H. Micklem, and H. B. Dugmore, a Rhodesian plus one player.

* * *

THE ruling of the Rules of Golf Committee of the Royal and Ancient Club of St. Andrews on the marking of golf clubs has started a great deal of discussion. Generally, opinion appears to be against the ruling, and I think the case is well summarised by one golfing paper which sums the position up in this way: "The object of specially roughened insets on the face of iron clubs was an attempt to offer to the rank and file of golfers similar facilities to those enjoyed by first-class players who took the trouble to have their shallow line and dot markings increased to the legal maximum and then to permit the markings to rust up." To me it seems quite unnecessary to make this ruling.

* * *

A. J. SHAW won the New Zealand Open Championship for the third year in succession. His first round of 67 broke the record for the Christchurch course by two strokes.

* * *

HAVE you heard this story? A golfer, having spent too much time in the 19th, was apprehensive of meeting his wife, and stood at his front door for a moment or two to steady himself. The door opened, and his little daughter rushed at him and clambered on to his shoulder. He entered the house and tiptoed across the hall past a room, where was his wife. Just as they passed this the little girl said in a loud voice, "Oh! daddy, you do smell of golf!"

* * *

THE open meeting at Northwood in aid of the Mount Vernon Hospital attracted an excellent entry. Among the ladies were Mrs. Garon and Miss D. Pearson.

The ladies were allowed three strokes and played from the ladies' tees.

The leading scores were:—

Mrs. Cory Wright (Miss Felicity Tree), 87−15=72.

F. Kidner, 88−15=73.

C. J. Anderson, 73+1=74.

Mrs. P. Garon, 77−2=75.

Mrs. Walter Payne, 82−7=75.

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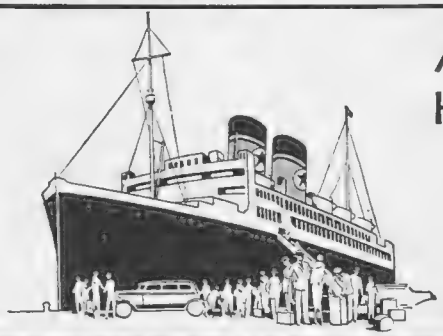

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SHOOTING NOTES

EARLY ARRIVALS OF WOODCOCK

The Dorset Retriever Field Trial Society's Trials at Pythouse, Tisbury, Wilts. A group of members outside Pythouse, the residence of Lt.-Col. J. Bennett-Stanford, who is seen, pipe in hand, in the front row. On his right is the Duke of Somerset and Mrs. Bennett-Stanford

The right-hand photograph shows Colonel R. D. Perceval-Maxwell, D.S.O., one of the official guns at the recent Ulster Gun Dog League Spaniel Field Trials held at Massereene Park, Antrim

By "CLODHOPPER"

THE East Coast bird watchers reported the arrival of big flights of migratory woodcock during the second week of October; and when pheasant shooting in North Lincolnshire on the 20th of that month I fired at——and missed very thoroughly to have my eye wiped by a parson—"the first 'cock of the season." And, incidentally, on the same date I observed three belated swallows hawking for midges over water-meadows.

TWO days later, whilst beating what are locally called the out-marshes for snipe (great numbers of migratory snipe came in last month), my old Clumber spaniel flushed a woodcock from one of the innumerable gullies which intersect and drain the saltwort and samphire-clad levels in question.* The muddy drain, from which the 'cock blundered for all the world like a sleepy brown owl, was situated at least half a mile from the mainland, and the bird itself, when retrieved by the dog, proved to be in such wretchedly poor condition that I regretted having killed it.

ON the way home to my inn and breakfast I fell in with a local rabbit shooter, who assured me that since the middle of last month he had put up more spent woodcock while walking through the clumps of sea-holly and marram grass on the coney-infested sand dunes than in many years past. "But," added he, "they be nothin' better nor bags o' bones and feathers, and bain't worth the price of a cartridge."

ALL these birds were, of course, stragglers from the earlier flights of 'cock to arrive on our East Coast, and they landed in such a starved and exhausted condition as to be physically incapable of proceeding to the inland coverts and feeding-grounds without resting for a day on the spot they first pitched. They came in from their spring and summer habitats amidst the vast Scandinavian forests on the strong easterly gale which prevailed during their long and unbroken overseas passage. This would account for the pitiable plight of the before-mentioned stragglers.

A CERTAIN number of woodcock remain to breed in some parts of England, Wales, and Scotland where favourable and well-sheltered woodlands obtain; and still more are permanently resident in the south and west of Ireland. But by far the greater head of 'cock bagged, both in this country and in the Emerald Isle, are foreigners which have been driven from their warm-weather haunts in the higher latitudes owing to the rich feeding-grounds therein being sealed against them by frost and snow.

IN short, the southward migration of these interesting and highly prized feathered aliens is mainly governed by climatic conditions; while the direction of the wind has a good deal to do with their movements. Severe and early frosts, accompanied by easterly winds, in the North of Europe cause relatively early night invasions in great force on our shores of not only woodcock, but also of the migratory species—wild geese, duck, widgeon, and wildfowl generally. To put it more concisely, an early and hard winter in the far North almost invariably leads to good and early migrations of 'cock and 'fowl; an open winter to poor and late flights.

LAST season, it will be remembered, was, with the exception of a brief spell of frost, unusually mild, and both woodcock and snipe were remarkably scarce. Present prospects in regard to sport with both, on the contrary, are bright enough. In fact, I can vouch for there having been plenty of the latter sporting little beggars on the Trentside water-meadows and Lincolnshire marshes during the cold snap of last week.

BUT, sad to relate, I find that the "longbills" beat me only too often nowadays. Nor can my trusty and well-tried "Westley Richards," nor my faithful and honest Eley cartridges, be blamed for such frequent misses. No, it is the man behind the gun who is getting a wee bit slow nowadays, I am sorry to say, but I am not yet relegated to the shelf by any means.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

FIRE PLENTY OF CARTRIDGES

THOSE who have good reason to be modest about their shooting prowess might remember that there is one easily corrected difference between themselves and the top-notch performers. Good shots fire off a great many more cartridges than bad ones, and the last thing they ever pause to study is the possibility of failure. The practical result of drive or beat is the number of birds to be gathered: whether or not this is satisfactory the empty cases lying around are a mere incident. There is more behind the policy of firing plenty of cartridges than backing some of the doubtfuls to turn out lucky. Generous patronage of the ammunition trade bespeaks a quick and active style of shooting, one that leaves no margin for the bad habit of distrusting the first aim and trying to improve it by a more careful second attempt. The whole mechanism of shooting is upset by taking care; it is a fault which soon leads to half-heartedly lifting and aiming the piece and finally deciding to abstain. Make up your mind to let off plenty of crackers and you will find the gun acting on its own the moment half a chance presents itself. Some of the results will surprise by their brilliance. Encourage the new-born habit and you will find birds tumbling down almost before you had realised the time was ripe for action. Many who are quite useful at rabbits forget that the same quick taking of any and every possible chance is necessary in the case of birds.

* The ancient industry of samphire pickling is still carried on in a small way by a few of the oldest inhabitants of Louth and the North Lincolnshire coastal villages.

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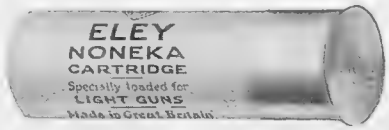
The Shooter's Calendar 1931 NOVEMBER

NOTES FOR THE MONTH

(i)

Coverts will not be shot until the leaf is off the trees, but make your plans early. Engage beaters who know the ground: number and place stands the day before the shoot—the removal of a stand only a few yards to right or left may vastly improve it: have game boxes and labels ready.

Stops should be placed soon after daybreak: they should be visible—noise is unnecessary; and do not forget that close beating and continuous stick-tapping in covert is what keeps the birds forward. A well-stocked beat should never be hurried.



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ELEY & KYNOCH

CARTRIDGES CAN BE TAKEN FROM THE GAME-CART BETWEEN BEATS

Note for supporters of Home Industry—If a cartridge case is not marked Eley or Kynoch it is not British Made

DOGS

TRACKING THRILLS

By LADY KITTY RITSON

Bloodhound puppies enjoying a little not-too-light luncheon at Mrs. Wright's well-known kennels at Bishop's Stortford. Bloodhounds are used for police work both at home and abroad, although, in recent years, Alsatians and Airedales have taken prominent parts in tracking work

My husband and brother beg to thank their anonymous correspondent who implored them to make me cease my "atrocious cruelty." They assure her that they would do their best, were it not for the fact that they go in terror of their lives from me, and therefore have no time to protect the dogs!

If you have any time to spare you will find it very interesting to teach your dog tracking, for it takes one into the open air, and it is one of the most fascinating pastimes. A few hints may be of use. It is best to begin by putting the dog on a long line of washing cord. A tracking harness is not essential unless you mean really to make a business of tracking at trials; otherwise you can attach the cord to the dog's collar as long as he doesn't pull too much. If the dog likes you better than anybody else, get a friend to hold him and let him see where you are going for the first half of the distance, then have him removed. Hide yourself behind a hill or tree, having made a footmark by scratching your feet about at the place where the dog last saw you. Then let the friend come out with the dog at the end of the cord.

He will make a wild dash in the direction where he saw you go, and, not finding you, he will probably put his nose to the ground to get the scent. This is an essential in teaching tracking—the dog must realise that he is to depend on his nose. Let the handler directly he puts his nose to the ground say "See-e-k," soothingly and quietly. When he finds you, make a great fuss of him and be sure to remove the tracking line at once, so that he associates it with tracking only. You should practice tracking on your scent for some time, and then take the dog yourself and put him on to a stranger's scent. Eventually he should be able to trace a stranger on a track an hour old and a mile long. He should also be trained to pick up articles belonging to the track-layer en route, such as gloves, or tobacco pouches.

This is, of course, merely an outline of the art (and it is an art) of tracking. You will learn in time to realise when your dog is working and when he is merely fooling. If used for no other reason than entertainment it is very interesting, and it can be extremely useful in the matter of finding lost articles such as gloves, etc. Always remember that fast tracking is to be deprecated, for it is less accurate, and also it makes it too tiring for the handler. If the police called you in to help look for a criminal, it would be no use having a dog that went so fast that a fat village constable could not keep up.

Never let a dog give up. If he refuses to track you must lead him to the end of the track where the person or object is concealed, and make a fuss of him, as though he had done extremely well. The track-layer should mark the trail so that he knows where it goes for a certainty, so that the dog can be corrected and put on the right path if he goes wrong. Never lose your temper when tracking. We know so little about the laws of scent that, up to a point, we must trust in the dog.

THE GOURMET — By Emilia

Luncheon

Hors d'Œuvres.
(Caviar à la Mignonne.)

Coquilles d'Œufs.

Civet de Lièvre.

Salade aux Oranges.

Soufflé au Parmesan.

Café.

Caviar à la Mignonne

Caviar à la Mignonne is caviare dressed in tomatoes from which the insides are scooped out; it is mixed with the tomato pulp, hard-boiled egg cut in dice, oil and vinegar, and curled fillets of anchovies are laid on top.

Coquilles d'Œufs

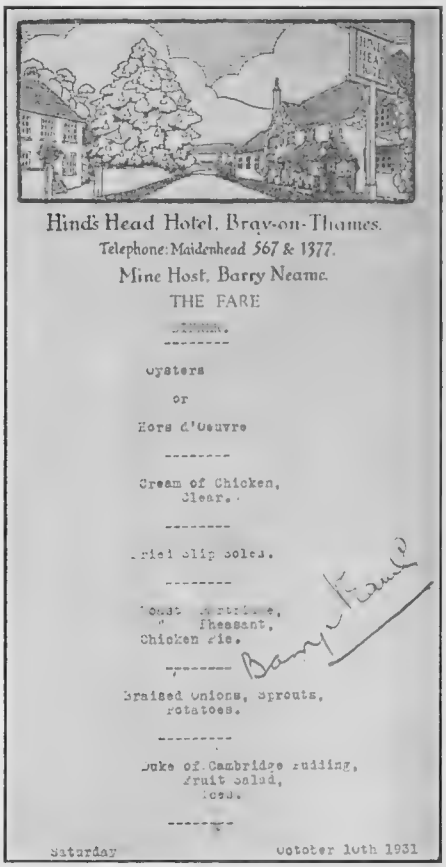
Butter the insides of some china soufflé cases, put a tablespoonful of prepared and seasoned spinach in each; upon this put about a dessert-spoonful of cream. Break a fresh egg in each, season with pepper and salt, place the cases on a baking sheet and bake in a moderately heated oven for eight minutes Dish up and serve quickly.

Civet de Lièvre

Cut the hare up into pieces, fry in dripping with an onion stuck with cloves. Put all into a casserole with plenty of gravy made from bones, a bay leaf, some mixed herbs in a bag, salt and pepper. Cover the casserole and cook in the oven for nearly three hours. Thicken the gravy, and when dishing up add forcemeat balls made as follows: Two tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs, two of chopped suet, one of parsley, half a teaspoonful of mixed herbs, salt, pepper, and one egg. Mix well, shape into small balls, and fry in a little butter till a golden brown. Serve red currant jelly with the hare, add port wine to the gravy and a little Worcestershire sauce.

Soufflé au Parmesan

Mix one teaspoonful of flour smoothly with half a pint of milk and a little salt and pepper; simmer the mixture over the fire, stirring all the time, till it is as thick as melted butter. Stir into this 8 oz. of Parmesan cheese; turn it into a basin and mix with the yolks of four well-beaten eggs. Whisk the whites to a stiff froth, and just before the soufflé is baked put them into it, and pour the mixture into a soufflé dish, which should only be half filled. Bake from twenty minutes to half an hour and serve immediately.



A REAL ENGLISH DINNER

Served recently at the cheery Hind's Head Hotel at Bray-on-Thames. It has been signed by Mine Host, Barry Neame

FASHIONS FANCIES

All British is this winter coat from Aquascutum, 100, Regent Street, W. It is made of pure camel hair cloth, which is light and warm, and Irish tweed. The collar is adjustable, and may be smartly fastened at the neck. It is available in several colour schemes. It is as appropriate for travelling as for walking

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photograph by Tunbridge*

PLATEAU BERETS

PAINTED VEILS, SEVEN GUINEA FUR-LINED COATS

A toll has been levied on narrow strips of felt for the making of this plateau beret. A modish quill increases its charm. It comes from Adele, 16, Curzon Street

Caroubier of a bright emerald-green shade makes this smartly draped hat. The upstanding quill springs from a feather fantasy It is sponsored by Adele, 16, Curzon Street

Admirably tailored is this winter coat from Gooch's, Knightsbridge. It is carried out in all-wool velour with a diagonal weave, and is lined with Susliki of a rich brown shade. The dark musquash collar is perfectly natural and undyed

The Triumph of the Small Hat

LIKE the dormouse, the large hat disappears as soon as the cold weather arrives, as it is absolutely impossible to wear it with the ubiquitous, flattering fur collars. There are models with kindly brims, and even those that are innocent of the same are particularly becoming, as the material is draped so that it shall be in harmony with the face. Naturally this has to be done by a skilled artist. The chef d'œuvre on the right of this page is a case in point; it must be placed to the credit of Adele, 16, Curzon Street, W. It is expressed in the modish caroubier cloth which has a "fluffy" silken surface, then, with a daring that is fully justified, a smart shaded quill springs from a feather mount at the back, and of it one may become the possessor for £2 2s.

The Plateau Beret

IT was thought that the beret had passed. Fashion was, however, determined that it should not die, so it has been metamorphosed, and Adele has many variations of the model pictured on the left. It is really composed of narrow strips of felt worked up into a serpentine design, a decidedly amusing quill appearing on one side. It seems almost unnecessary to add that it has to be adjusted at just the right angle. A fact that cannot be made too widely known is that Adele makes a feature of smart hats for town and country wear for 29s.

The "Painted Veil"

AS a veil increases the charm of a small hat the leaders of fashion are looking on them with favour. The newest conceit is the "Painted Veil"; it was recently worn by Sara Sample, who is understudying Gladys Cooper in the play of that name. The veil is painted to suggest colouring on the cheeks and eyebrows; it terminates just below the nose, as in these days of lipsticks and cigarettes the lips must be left uncovered. An illustration of this veil, with several others, appeared in a recent issue of *The Graphic*. There is the decorative affair of *The Naughty Nineties*. It is quite short, ending just before the tip of the nose is reached. It is draped over the hat, round the column of the throat, the ends resting lightly on the shoulders. Again, there is the veil known as the Victorian Wink, as a beauty spot appears at the corner of the right eye. Again, there is the Spanish veil studded with chenille and the pagoda with stiffened hem. It stands well away from the face.

A Fur-lined Coat

NOW that the cold weather has arrived a fur-lined coat is essential. Too much cannot be said in favour of the model portrayed on this page. It has gone into residence at Gooch's, Knightsbridge. It is man-tailored, and is carried out in all-wool velour with a diagonal weave. It is lined with Susliki in a lovely rich brown shade; the full-length fur lining weighs only six ounces. The handsome fur collar is of perfectly natural and undyed musquash. It is available in S.S.W., S.W., W., and O.S., and in 44, 46, 47 and 48in. lengths, in a variety of colours, including black, nigger, navy blue and moss green, and the cost is only seven guineas.

"Verapa" Combinations

BEFORE the cold weather sets in everyone must make a point of seeing the new "Verapa" combinations, which are sold by all outfitters of prestige. They are available in several different qualities and fit the figure like a glove. This new shape of V wrap requires no fastening to keep it in position; it gives perfect ease of movement and absolute protection. These combinations are made by the manufacturers of the well-known "Helena" underwear, a firm that has been established in Hawick since 1787.

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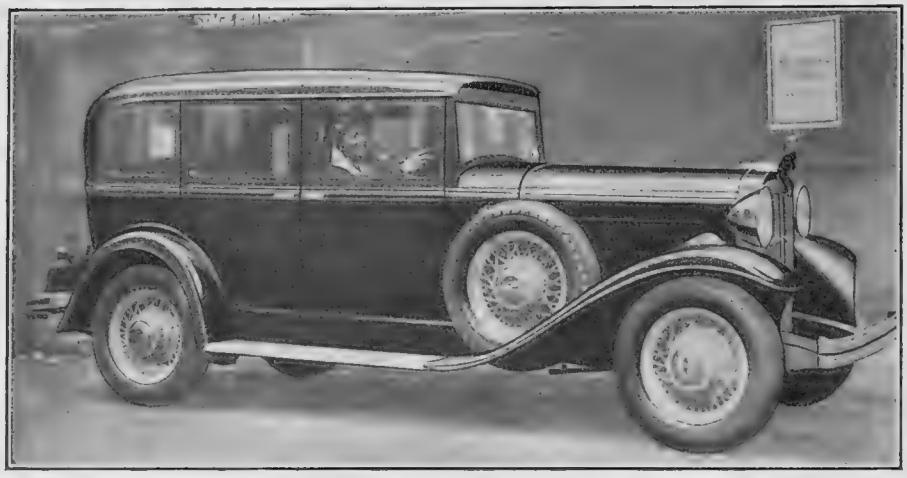


THE STAR AND THE CAR

Miss Annie Croft, the popular musical comedy actress, at the wheel of her car. It is one of the latest Willys-Knight Sleeve-valve Six models

ASK ME ANOTHER!

By E. M. Wright

On occasions in the past I have taken the A.A. mildly to task for spoon-feeding its members. In this I was wrong. You cannot help the modern motorist too much. He is, it seems, utterly incapable of thinking for himself. The motoring organisations know better than I the depths of futility, ignorance, and laziness to which a large number of present-day owner-drivers can descend. Compared with the assistance these helpless weaklings expect in return for their modest subscription, the assistance freely afforded by the A.A. is spartan training in self-help. Hard-pressed officials at Fanum House have not merely to be able to advise and assist members on every possible aspect of motoring; they must be walking encyclopædias ready to answer in a second questions on clothing and abstruse points in geography and history.

***

During the touring season the London headquarters is inundated by requests so extraordinary that I wonder how it is the officials to whom they are addressed retain their sanity. They must have the patience of Job, and they must have either a perfect poker face, or else be utterly lacking in a sense of humour. I have before me a short list of gems culled from many thousands of enquiries asked *and answered* during the last few months. They are so extraordinary as to be scarcely believable; they form, in fact, a sort of nightmare general-knowledge paper. But in quoting a few of the more precious of these gems I assure you I am not exaggerating a word. These questions are genuine examples of what harassed officials have to suffer day after day.

***

What, writes a member disgusted with our English summer, is the mean average temperature during August at Biarritz? A Rugger enthusiast wants to know if the game is played at Heidelberg. An untravelled Englishman asks if Scotland really is a foreign country, and whether one must have a passport to cross the Border. More comprehensive was another member's desire to know when the sun set during October in South-West Germany, Southern France, and Southern Spain. I suspect that was a practical joke on the part of the Meteorological Office. A question which I think must have taxed the resources even of the A.A. was: "What is the strength of the current of the Rhine at Godesburg?"

Motorists touring abroad apparently have much difficulty in choosing appropriate clothing. One member evidently had little idea of the heat in Spain in August. "What clothes must I wear?" he or she asked. "Are woollens necessary?" Though the A.A. is a motoring organisation it is not above helping the huntsman. Here is a query from Southend: "Can I travel from Southend to a London suburb using arterial roads with wide, green verges? I wish to deliver a hunter."

***

I have left the best till the last. A would-be explorer, a little doubtful about his bank balance, asks to know the cost of motoring from London to India. A member contemplating a visit to the Balkans has no fear of the roads or of brigands, but he dreads the bugs which are said to infest the local hostelries. Before leaving London he would like to know of the most effective insect powder on the market! A dog lover contemplating a tour in France wants to know whether "Blank's" dog biscuits are obtainable in France. "Toto" has been brought up on this particular brand, and will have none of French cookery!

***

A pet figures in another preposterous question. A query comes from a lady (I am sure no man would ask such a question) desiring full information with regard to the facilities offered to parrots touring in France and Italy. But here is the Koh-i-noor of this collection of priceless gems: "Can you assist me," writes a deserted wife, "in tracing my husband, J. B.—a chauffeur living 'somewhere in London'?" I can imagine the suave, informative replies to most of these questions, but this must have stumped even the most experienced official in the organisation.

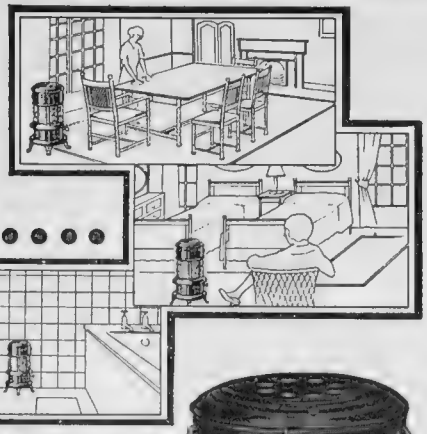
***

My memories of motoring go back to well before the War. Perhaps I am growing a little long in the tooth, and am beginning to suffer from that superiority complex which is the curse of increasing age, yet I cannot conceive of such questions being asked in the early days when to tour even in England was to venture into the unknown. I apologised at the beginning of this article to the A.A., but I return again to my charge that they spoon-feed their members too much. The proper answer to those who ask such questions as these is not to supply them with the information they desire, but brutally to tell them to use their common sense.

(*Continued on page* iv)

Six Australians who are motoring to London through Asia and Europe in three small British cars shod with Dunlop tyres. They are Mr. R. Beatson (left), Miss Joan Richmond, Miss Jean Robertson, Miss K. Howell, Mrs. C. Coldham and Mr. J. P. S. Morice

..here,



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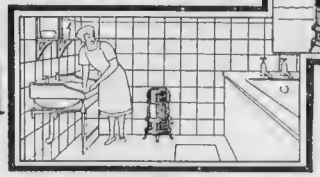

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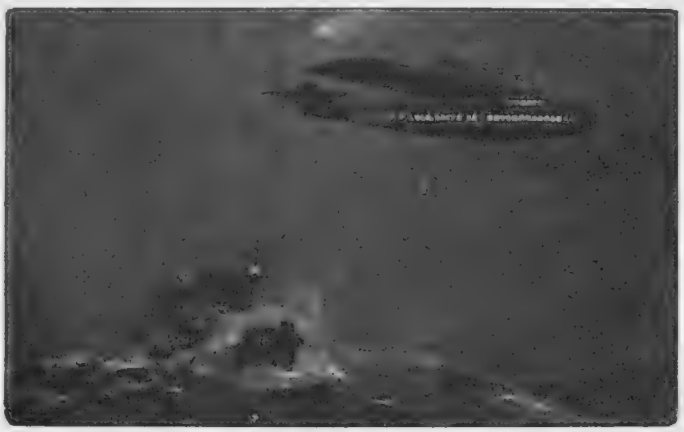
THE NIGHT MAIL



The "Bolivar," type for all time (thanks to Rudyard Kipling) of the ocean tramp, still battles with the heavy sea, but it is overhead that her weary men now see—or very soon will see—the mocking lights of the well-found liner pass them by.

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MOTOR NOTES (continued from page ii)

IN THE NEWS

Motoring Across the World

A party of six Australian motorists, of whom four are women, is now on its way in three British light cars on an adventurous overland trip from Melbourne to London. Leaving Melbourne last August, they motored to Darwin, in Northern Australia; whence they took ship for the Dutch East Indies. After motoring through Java, their proposed itinerary is as follows:—Overland from Singapore to Penang, thence by sea to Calcutta via Rangoon, overland from Calcutta to Bombay, by sea to Basra, and thence overland through Iraq, Syria, and Palestine to Egypt, where they expect to arrive early in December. From Cairo the itinerary is not fixed; but the party intends to compete in the Monte Carlo Rally next January, this being the first occasion on which Australian motorists have ever competed in this famous event.

Adventurous though the trip is, it is still a tour de luxe. Room has been found in the luggage for the amenities of civilisation, such as dress clothes, and the party does not intend to "rough it" where hotels are available, though, of course, there will be quite a number of occasions when they will have to camp under canvas. The three cars, shod with Dunlop tyres, have been christened after well-known Australian birds. One of them is christened the Kookaburra, the correct name, incidentally, for the Laughing Jackass, which most of us know at the Zoo. The cars are fitted with extra petrol tanks, and each has a four-gallon tank for water in dry country.

CAPT. BLACK BOOKS YET ANOTHER ORDER

Capt. Black is Director and General Manager of the Standard Motor Company, whose 1932 range comprises the sensationally successful "Little Nine," the "Big Nine," the "Sixteen," and the "Twenty." The Standard Company is scarcely able to meet the orders which come pouring in for these models

"Down Under"

From the Antipodes comes news of another world tour in a British light car. The two New Zealand motorists, Mr. Hector MacQuarrie and Mr. Dick Matthews, have arrived back in Auckland, their starting place, after encircling the world in an Austin Seven. Their car, Emily II, says Mr. MacQuarrie, is still in excellent condition, despite its many adventures. I do not know whether these New Zealanders included dress clothes—the insignia of respectability—in their equipment, but I rather suspect that boiled shirts were discarded in favour of more useful items of equipment, such as frying pans and photographic apparatus.

Open Air Work

In his last whirlwind tour of Seaham before the elections the Prime Minister, though snow was on the ground, travelled in an open car! In my notes on Olympia I scarcely referred at all to open models, because there was but a handful of such cars to be seen in the whole of the Show. There is now no longer any controversy between open car and closed car enthusiasts. The closed car has won hands down. Still, for those who have got the courage, physical and moral, of "Ramsay Mac.", the open car will always appeal. Models like the £100 Morris Minor two-seater, the Rover "Scarab," which sells for even less, and the M.G. Midget, in both its standard and its sports versions, always had so thick a crowd of admirers round them that it was difficult to see them at all.

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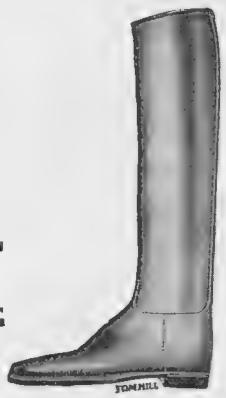

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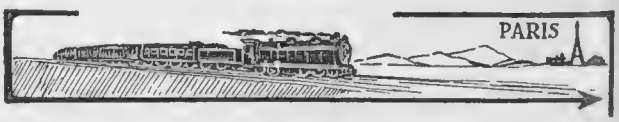

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

A Poppy Day Reminder

Now that the General Election is over thoughts of other matters than politics are again occupying our minds, and we cannot do better than determine that, now that the country has been saved politically, we cannot do better than remember—and help—those whose efforts saved the country in the days of the War. Once again, on November 11, Flanders poppies will be on sale for the benefit of Earl Haig's British Legion Appeal, both as a tribute of remembrance to those who died in the Great War and to provide funds to enable the British Legion to help the survivors who are in need. The usual form in which the token is sold is a single poppy, but a number of poppies can be made into a buttonhole for use as a motor mascot, and there is also a specially prepared and waterproofed poppy, fitted with a clip, for fixing to the radiator casing; and there are wreaths in the making of which the men at the British Legion Poppy Factory have become adepts. The appeal is organised locally by voluntary committees, each arranging for a depot for the sale of wreaths, the London depot being at 16, South Street, Park Lane, W.1, where each day a large batch of orders is received from all parts of the country for the humble wreath costing a few shillings to the huge memento ordered jointly by associations and societies. That Poppy Day may be a great success this year a larger number of helpers will be required, and any ladies who can spare a few hours on Remembrance Day are asked to communicate with the local committee organiser, or direct to Captain W. G. Willcox, Organising Secretary, Earl Haig's British Legion Appeal Fund, 18, South Street, Park Lane, W.1. But whether taking an active part in the sale or not, it is up to everyone to give generously.

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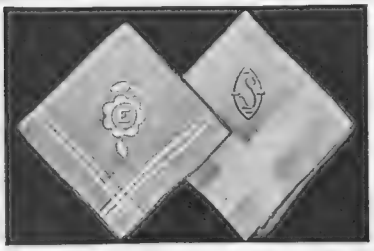

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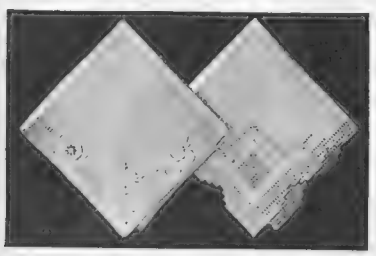

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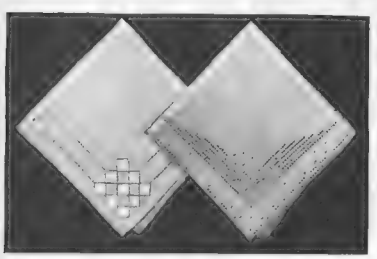

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She refused to allow him to see any woman younger than herself.

A story to read and re-read

MANUEL GODOY

described by Norman Hill, painted by F. Matania, R.I.

"This young man felt in his pocket for the letter of introduction which his father had given to him to one of the ladies-in-waiting at the court, together with the certificate of nobility, without which no cavalier had much hopes of success in the most conservative and narrow-minded of all the palaces in Europe. He wished there were more coins in his purse, and sighed as he handed over his horse to the ostler at the poor inn where he decided to obtain lodging for the night.

Such was the undistinguished arrival of Manuel Godoy to the capital of Spain. Few men who were to leave their stamp on history began their careers so unobtrusively. Certainly no one in Madrid that hot afternoon dreamed for a moment that this young nobleman from Estremadura was to become the most hated man of his day, and was to leave behind him a reputation which would be execrated even a hundred and thirty years after his death. On the contrary, Madrid just smiled its usual languid smile. The matrons in the streets looked straight before them. The men in their coloured coats ogled from the shadows of the white walls in the way that the men of Madrid do to this day. The youth of the city went to the bull ring. Incredibly dirty beggars beseeched the gift of small coins at the steps of the churches.

Manuel Godoy drank a bottle of wine in a small tavern and looked out on the scene before him. He had never seen a great city before. In the course of a day or two the young man presented his letter of introduction to the camarista who was acquainted with his father. She took one glance at the document and another at the homespun clothes of young Godoy. . . ."

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